

Return to innocence: the Fifties by Christina Newman
Inside trash about John Diefenbaker, Mel Watkins and others
Will Peter Lougheed succeed Robert Stanfield?

JANUARY 1972 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 35¢

Macleans



Emergence of the hand-held neighborhood film stars



For people with a taste for something better.



"When Sun Life asked me to write an insurance ad, I panicked."



My name is Graham Watt. By day, I write advertisements and television commercials. By night, I build my 23-ton 3-masted schooner in which my family and I hope to escape from the humdrum.

So when Sun Life asked me to write an ad about their new Electronic Family Security Programming, I panicked. My idea of security was a neatly folded \$50 bill and a note from my mother.

"Never mind," said Sun Life's Dan Ficker, "let's go through an actual interview and see what our computer says about your financial status."

I knew what it would say. It would say, "What, you are an idiot?"

Anyway, I answered Dan's questions. And let me tell you, a few eyebrows were raised. First, I make good money. But I plan to make a lot less by the time I finish my boat. In other words I only want enough money to keep my family healthy while we see the world and get brown together.

Not only that, but I plan to retire soon until age 55 and then go back to work until I drop at age 108. At the same time I don't want to end up collecting balls of string or returning empties for a living if my health's impaired, so some kind of regular income would be welcome.

My problem is that by building the boat by myself and only using

cash (how can you escape in a boat if someone else owns it) I can't afford a big premium.

All this went into the computer. I said it what I figured my family would need to get by on.

Dan soon returned with the computer's diagnosis and I'll be damned if it didn't have a solution.

I was impressed. (I was happy too because the deadline for this ad was getting closer and closer.)

Amazingly, my specific Electronic Family Security Program said I had enough insurance to protect Wendy, Kate and little Alex, even if I got swallowed by a whale.

It did make one recommendation—that I provide for my retirement in case I wasn't swallowed by a whale. (Normally, you would get three options to choose from. However, I'm not normal.) The good thing about it is that the premium (which I suggested) isn't so great that if I need to buy a fancy bronze hatch, I'll still have the cash to buy it.

Sun Life calls this computer thing Electronic Family Security Programming. When I first heard it, it sounded like some kind of burglar-proof fence.

Anyway, I started writing an ad about it and ended up buying as a result of the program recommendation.

I like the plan because it's specifically for me, Graham Watt, and if they can come up with a plan for me, they can do it for you.



SunLife
OF CANADA

A vibrant red 1970 Chevrolet Chevelle SS coupe is shown from a front-three-quarter view, parked on a sandy beach. The car's iconic features, such as the split grille and quad headlights, are clearly visible. The background is a warm, golden sunset over the ocean, creating a nostalgic and scenic atmosphere. A small "Chevrolet" badge is visible on the front bumper.

New York Breakaway

El Camino El Camino

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The survey of the Canadian film industry featured in this issue (pages 21-28) proves to anyone who may still doubt it that the movies are suddenly, almost imperceptibly, the liveliest and most Canadian of media today. A new and exciting way of doing things, certainly, but equally a new and powerful medium. The new Canadian cinema is already well on its way to making our society as formed by crystals, and in the chaotic century films have become the dominant reality-making medium. Because of all the art forms they reach mostly directly (and reflect back to the viewer) a form for the world, the content without which he lives.

"The artist," says Osamu Ferguson, one of the film directors profiled in this issue, "creates, presents and then puts into some kind of form the symbols that explain society. The artist who is allowed to work at home, in the environment in which he grew up, naturally will present some sense of his country."

The creative imaginations of directors like Fierguson, Claude Jutra and Don Strickby have made Canadian film to a level of excellence that is proving them, at long last, successful and not mediocre. But film-making is a seasonal thing and one of the seasons we now have a magnificent film industry in this country is that the federal government established the Canadian Film Development Corporation and gave it enough funds to pump about two million dollars into new productions per year. With all of our media being overwhelmed by outside influences, the only way we can hope to become a kind of Canadian province ("a satellite in our own external affairs," as Professor Abel Rosman, editor of *The Canadian Forum*, put it recently) is to use some form of incentive (like the tax credit) to attract talent (like the Canadian Radio-Television Commission's) to our own productions.

According to Ferguson and other film makers, what's needed now is to implement the CPIC's worthy efforts to apply the CRBC's findings on the use of Canadian film as radio stations to the use of Canadian films on television. A certain percentage of the news coverage on every week on the CBC and CTV networks as well as the smaller independent stations should have to be Canadian productions. This would ensure that nearly all good Canadian film would receive at least a one-time exposure (which is certainly not the case now), and it would give film makers a secondary market for their work, making it far easier to finance new productions.

Obviously nobody is ever going to discover the Canadian identity while chewing popcorn down at the RKO, just after Bugs Bunny is chased off the screen by an angry bilingual wolf, but they may glimpse some sense of it as a peripheral benefit to their pleasure from such superb films as *Ferguson's North Of Superior* and *Jutra's Mon Garsie Amoureux*. ■

WE
FOUND
IT
AT
THE
MOVIES

THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA BY JOHN GRAY

The democratic system has a special logic that makes it more modest than competitiveness. Pierre Elliott Trudeau has asked Canadian democracy to be friendly because it has always been easier to point to his success (remember charisma?) than to explain it.

In the early days, the Prime Minister's success appeared and emerged in his opponents. They rolled and blistered. They were angry, perceptive and sometimes devastating. They accomplished nothing. Trudeau was a politician, the more they attacked him, the more they broadened themselves with their efforts. A few began to talk disparagingly of another Mackenzie King. The man was unbeatable.

Then, quite suddenly, something happened. The end of the writing suspense of a disabled. The outgoing after success from the cabinet ministry of the War Measures Act. Or more precisely, the final crisis.

If a single moment marked the turning point, it occurred shortly after 2 p.m. on February 16, 1970. John Langdon, the broke young Conservative from Newfoundland, had been harrying the Prime Minister since almost immediately after. Although Trudeau had been trying to deny that his anti-refugee policy had been designed to put people out of work in effectiveness in the past just first was becoming an embarrassment. The Prime Minister does not much like those daily sessions in the House of Commons, and Langdon was being especially boring and rude, so Trudeau told him to fuck off.

Actually, that is not quite true. As the Prime Minister was quick to point out, he tried not to say anything, he had suggested it. And within an hour, with his own reputation suffering regard for public dignity, he was suggesting that what he had suggested was "fucking off." Ministers would do well to consider the blossoming of fiddle-fiddle-butter and fiddle-fiddle-Tellors as the last shadow of Trudeauism.

It was a long time from the election euphoria of 1968 to the disappointment of 1971. There was a time when Ottawa reporters would have regarded fiddle-fiddle as the very pinnacle of political witicism. But in the winter of 1971, it was not very funny. The threat had stopped, and it would stop more loudly and severely in future weeks.

Poor Trudeau. In fairness, he might ask whether the change in public opinion is not just a caprice on the part of the writing, gossip and argument. Toronto editorialists notwithstanding which tried to make of him a national hero in 1968. They made him a French Canadian in the image of English Canada, he was a Quakerizer, a Liberal and a liberal with whom they could deal. He had tried to row to Cuba, he had helped the strikers at Adelsheim, he had thrown snowballs at Lenin's statue in Moscow. Compared with Lester Pearson, Robert Mulroney and Tommy Douglas, it was all so

horribly big and, in the parlance of the day, relevant. Trudeau is the perfect political leader: you can make of him what you want. For those who chose to believe, he is progressive, steady, a good French Canadian, anti-materialist, witty, cool. Those who now choose to disbelieve find the same characteristics racist, reactionary, pre-French, territorial, sexist, aloof, arrogant. Which end of the telescope do you want? The House of Commons is a shire and John Langdon was a hero, and unemployment was a grim but necessary tool. Or Pierre Trudeau is an arrogant pig and an insouciant elitist who wants nothing but the maintenance and preservation of the status quo.

In fact, although it is accepted among smart circles that Trudeau's government is a disaster, he has delivered pretty well what he promised in 1968. He promised very little, and those who expected more were projecting their own fantasies.

The glamour of Trudeau the elegant intellectual ego tripper is rapidly abating from most legislation which has made its way through parliament at a quick creditable rate. But when the parliamentary term is finished, the machinery of state will be running more efficiently than in 1968. There will have been no terrible changes. As a result of legislation on taxation, labor relations, industrial development and social policy, the rich will remain rich and some of the poor will be a little less poor, though there will be a few more of them without jobs. A good many Canadians will have been spent at some stage or another by the rhetoric of the Prime Minister and his colleagues, but the established order of Canadian life will not have been outraged and no liberal would want to quarrel with Senator Graham O'Leary's observation that Trudeau is more conservative than Richard Nixon.

The exception to the pattern of conservatism is the development of foreign policy, beginning with our partial withdrawal from NATO and continuing through the crude campaign to diversify our trade in the Pacific and across Europe. The government's announced review of our foreign policy appeared at first to be a bold recipe of success for commercial travelers, in retrospect, it appears to be the cautious but deliberate creation of an escape route from the perils of association with the Americas region.

For all the jargon of the election campaign, Trudeau has been reluctant to listen to the Canadian public or to indicate where he would like the Canadian public to follow him. Participatory democracy has become a political head game, a series of syllogisms to be tossed out to those with short and wild imaginations. Anything beyond the limited range of the Prime Minister's public commitment is reduced to the absurd.

None of this is to say that Trudeau will necessarily be defeated at the next election — although, in contrast to the situation a year ago, it is now a possibility. Even some of his closest supporters today admit Trudeau's unpopularity. Some of them have been so shaken by the events of the last year that they regard him as a liability. The irony is that those who voted for Trudeau in 1968 but decide they cannot vote for him again are probably blaming him for not being what they wanted him to be. He allowed them, encouraged them, to believe what they wanted. If they believe no longer it is a case of mistaken identity coming full circle. ■

John Gray is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.



OUR COUNTRY, CANADA.

Varied.

Where dishes like chicken chow mein or chicken tetrazzini, tourtiere or terrapin are culinary exhibits of one Canadian's satisfaction of giving pleasure to another.

Canada. A table for the people of a universe. Where tastes of the world come from a feeling for the world. People sharing together to make our good things even better.

Canada, our country. A community of people, cultures and ideals holding to a common pride.

Together, it is ours to keep and to build.



Seagram's V.O. Made in Canada... and proud of it.

THE VIEW FROM U.S. OF A. BY TOM BUTSON

In the noisy heart of New York, in Times Square, there is a famous newsstand called *Headlines* which sells most of the world's major newspapers and many of the minor ones, too. And in a Canadian city, especially to an exiled Torontoan like myself, there is a quiet pride in knowing that the publications most prominently displayed and read in demand at that newsstand are the *Globe* and *Mail*, the *Toronto Star* and *Northern*.

I sometimes stand underneath the dubious roadway of a nearby parkway where the throwing words have long since grown taller than the dead shrubbery and watch the Canadians, busy-eyed almost, grab for the latest news from home. It is a powerful antidote to those noisy days and nights I spend riding the a train home to Brooklyn where, at a wheeler-dealer advertisement producing a product "straight from the Canadian Rockies," or, variations on a dramatic view of Peggy's Cove, some other distillation of Canadian alcoholic know-how. It even makes up for the television commercial for a brand of tea I spotted in Canada which features a bearded Native Canadian leader and my Labrador secretary.

What feeds this exiles' hunger for news from Kinsmen or Chicomulco? Well, first of all, the American press treats Canada with a big ignore. Apart from *Newsweek* Alvin Karpman on Parliament Hill or a daytime howling (temporarily not broadcast at this end of a few use) Canadian news week on a late-night play in American newspapers and on American television screens. The New York Times mentions two full columns in Ontario and Toronto, and is really the only paper in the United States that is serious on its Canadian coverage. I often suspect that the readers of *Private* and *Fortune* know more about Canadian politics than do newspaper subscribers even in Detroit. (Not that the papers are entirely to blame. There is a regular flow of news from the name of Canadian leadership, the Canadian Press, to the offices of the New York Times, the Associated Press and, I think, to some other papers south of the border. It once played a reasonably important part in my life since I was the editor at the CP desk that filed it. The routine in these days was that at the top of a story of even remote American concern the editor would write the magic words "Copy NY," indicating that it was of interest especially to New York. The only trouble was that in my experience what Toronto seemed to think was Copy NY usually turned out in New York to be Copy Newfoundland.)

The American press chronicles the ups and downs of Ray Street and St James Street and the ins and outs of the *Enid*, the *Canadian* and the *Canucks* — and little else. Disappointing at this is, I find frequently that when I grab the *Star* or the *Globe* or an occasional *La Presse* (on those

refrequent days it publishes) I experience a disappointment of another order.

I was throwing my way through the new superlist *Toronto Star* the other day and my eye fell on a column by Robert Fulford, the editor of *Saturday Night*, and a writer for whom I have a respectful fondness. A Fulford column in my favorite Canadian paper seemed to promise a welcome change from the personal profiles of Bill Denness or Joey Smallwood or Wesley Bennett. But then I discovered that Fulford was writing about — almost as if he had just made a surprising discovery — a Canadian socialist named Hugh Garner. My mind flipped back to the days of *Black & White* and *New Liberty*. I asked myself, how Canadian literature slipped into a time machine?

I got inside the same feeling about the way Canadian politics seem to be moving — or "moving" in the word. Although my personal brand of politics was, I like to think, to a great brand of liberalism, I was not unhappy to see the late Ross Thatcher's Liberalism defeated in Saskatchewan by the NDP. A little more socialism as the Premier would do so here, especially if a socialist government were headed by a man full of youthful path and vigor. And when the Social Credit of Alberta were ousted, too, I was full of high hopes. That villainous Press Act, once opposed by the *Socialist* and required reading when I was a boy reporter on the *Washington Free Press*, left me with an overhanging dread of the party. Yes, the provincial situation here came back and fast. Even John Robarts passed into the past. And Joey Smallwood.

But as for Dr. Jean-Jacques Perreault, the editor of the *Montreal Star*, I wonder what all this fuss about is. I am not a Canadian politician. Nothing at all, I tell myself — and the Canadian papers continue to. Suddenly I am going to be in a position of Alvin Karpman's departure from Canada the year-long view of Paul Mirra. The *Schweigen* and the *Heilich* and the *Elmore* are the good grey stuff of Canada, not the pink and not too. They just wish that they had learned politics in the parish hall at Princeton and lost in the bangles of *Realpolitik*.

From a distance, I get the feeling that John Karpman's new industrial side has been born in a rural version north of the Great Lakes. I have all I tell myself.

The other day my eye fell upon yet another interview in depth with that otherwise respected René Lévesque. I could hardly miss it, my friend Robert McKenna, the Toronto *Star's* Quebec Bureau chief, never was the kind of history. And what does his interview with Lévesque tell me? It tells me that Quebec is unhappy. It tells me that English Canada doesn't care. It foresees separation in five years. It is Fulford talking about Garner? It is not what René Lévesque was talking. Lévesque? (Remember him?) I think it is. Canada, politically and culturally, seems like a man to have shed in skin. But it's the same old snake. Only when Pierre Berton is no longer as big of the Canadian best-seller list, when Hugh Garner has been discovered for the last time, when René Lévesque says it's four years until 5-0-0, when Bill Davis can't remember George Drew's last name — only then will anything have changed in Canada really. And then I might come home. ■

Tom Butson is an assistant editor of the New York Times.



Some of the equipment that's still a step ahead of others out.



"Monday through Friday I'm hauling. Weekends I'm camping."

says Mr. Elroy L. Whitely, R.R. 3, Crossman, Ont.
who drives a 20 Series Chevrolet L-Series.

"I have 300 acres and use my Chevy pickup as a workhorse for all my chores. Out in the fields it's very stable and easy to handle. As a matter of fact my wife has no trouble loading the truck."

When I get a chance, I take off camping. I recently completed a 1100 mile hunting trip, absolutely trouble free. Naturally we take all our family vacations with the camper, too. My Chevy is a very rugged truck with lots of power on or off the road. With the camper on, it rides

well and is very steady at all speeds. I find I can rely on its performance under tough terrain working conditions and for my camping pleasure."

Chevrolet
Tough trucks last longer
Building new helps in an idea you can live with.



If you think it's healthier
to live in the country,
drink morning fresh milk,
eat whole wheat bread
and big eggs with bright
yellow yolks.

Then Habitant is your soup.



A soup of incredible gusto and heartiness.
All Habitant soups have it.
A hint of the taste of delicious old-time flavour.
Whether you try Habitant's new Pea with Ham,
Minestrone, or any of the other great flavours,
you're going to enjoy that great outdoor taste.

Habitant Soup.
You can taste the country in it.

THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC BY ANN CHARNEY

Many people in Quebec have become addicted in recent years to a superstition about late fall: the political rain of autumn are inevitable and they must be bitter and bloody. Politicians and activists alike whisper superstitiously, "beware the idea of October!" — or something like it — and the season rains in the temperate drops. The prophets were not proved wrong this fall. Autumn came in a slush with social strikes, violence, and a tightening of the lines of opposition. What had not been anticipated, however, was the emergence of a new social climate in Quebec which gave these events a new and unprecedented significance.

Highlighted by the crisis centred around the closing of *Le Press*, Montreal's largest French-language daily newspaper, there was an unusual sense of solidarity directed toward social and economic issues rather than the customary nationalist ones. The new mood found its expression in a common labor front, whose members were caught up in a mesh of solidarity that cut across traditional political alignments.

This shift in political orientation culminated in the *Le Press* labor conflict, it's true, but there had been previous signs and unrelated warnings: a bitter strain of "toxic" language, which was portrayed in the French tabloid press as desperate acts committed by men who were victims of unemployment and anti-French discrimination; equally important, although perhaps less spectacular, was the closing of the two French universities in Montreal, as, in each case, the students, academic staff and maintenance workers joined in support of each other, the road block and similar demonstrations of discontent by unemployed workers in Cadillac and Mont-Laurier.

In this context, the *Le Press* situation seemed an impasse far greater than any previous isolated labor conflict.

On the night of October 25, the highly charged political climate exploded. Some 12,000 people gathered in a show of open solidarity, led by the most respectable figures of the labor community — Mireel Piquet, president of the Confederation of National Trade Unions, Michel Chartrand, president of the Montreal Council Council of the CHTU, Louis LeBlond, head of the Quebec Federation of Labor, and Yves Chabot, president of the Quebec Teachers Corporation. Never before in Quebec had these lines such a turnout for so near and directly related to the cause of independence. When they found their voices to *Le Press* hurried by some 2,000 policemen, the verbal clash occurred. But this time political authority and police power were directed out against "separatists and radicals" but against the Quebec labor movement, its leaders and the great mass of middle-aged workers who turned out that night. In the ensuing police charge, 200 demonstrators and 60 policemen were injured, and one was

dead, a M. Gauthier, died of an aneurysm attack.

The crisis resulted by calling a public meeting, this time in the predominantly English west end of the city, so intensely protected from protests emanating from the east and Angus a thousand crowd, estimated between 15,000 and 15,000 people, gathered in a show of solidarity to express their determination to fight the present regime on all fronts. In the week between the two public events, the various leaders appeared to have undergone a dramatic shift to the left, and their public statements assumed a radical tone previously associated with small, revolutionary groups.

Another unexpected development occurred as a result of the Parti Québécois' decision not to support the march against *Le Press*. Apparently wishing to separate its image, in the minds of the electorate, from vulgar associations, the Parti Québécois' decision brought open its strongest internal dissent and caused outside criticism from its supporters.

The one person who dominated these events, and who through his actions fashioned their inevitable course, was Magrault's cousin, Jean Drapeau. By invoking an anti-discrimination law, whose moral and legal legitimacy has been undermined by a Supreme Court ruling that it is unconstitutional, Drapeau visibly demonstrated his unqualified support for his business. The Quebec political establishment put its weight behind the *Le Press* owners and their property, already well protected by armed guards and police dogs.

Throughout these events, the mayor's public style was so unimpassioned that even moderate individuals and groups were moved to anger. At one of his so-called press conferences, he refused to answer journalists' questions on the grounds that he alone had the authority to decide to what extent the population should be informed. His lack of tact was obvious. In the case of M. Gauthier, the mayor brushed off the anger that he death provoked in some segments of the French community with the comment, "but the world and society have died at the 50th St. Club parade. Two thousand mourners, mostly students, union officials and workers, attended the funeral."

The newly consolidated mixed labor front, with its radical stand on economic and social questions, seemed immovable two years ago. Yet, at this very moment, there is talk of a general strike of all union workers in the province. Even two months before, it would have been difficult to imagine René Lévesque and the Parti Québécois' leadership criticized and denounced, as they have been recently, for immaturity and conservatism.

The word "intransigent," once used as it is, has recently acquired a new meaning in Quebec: for an increasing number of people it no longer means mere emotional intransigence but also a transformation of the emotional into the rational. It is not that the sense of independence has lost priority, instead its meaning has expanded to include a whole collective, alternate way of life.

It seems likely, however, that this new political awareness will try to make itself felt through the only political party which it has any sympathy for, the Parti Québécois. If a true merger occurs between the independence movement and those who are denouncing radical social change, it will be a formidable combination. ■

Ann Charney is a Montreal free-lance writer.

IMAGINE
THE
WORKERS
AND
THE
SEPARATISTS
UNITED



Jean Drapeau

YOUR VIEW

I would like to compliment you on your article on your November issue entitled *After Chernobyl: Canadianism*. This is the most sensitive article that has been written on Maurice Strong. Alan Phillips is to be congratulated. I am Maurice Strong's son and this is the first article I have read where his true personality comes through.

JOYCE E. WINTER, BRIMLEYVILLE, ALTA.

The noble savage

Having played organized football for more than 10 years, I find that many of John McMurtry's opinions — *Kill 'Em, Cook 'Em, Eat 'Em Raw* (October) — are similar to those I have occasionally felt. I, too, have been repelled by the sadistic sadism of the fans and players, bawling at times on hysteria. I have wondered at the inhumanity displayed by people who just so violently injured players.

There is, however, another dimension to football which may be unknown to those who read McMurtry's article and who have never played the game. Football represents one of the few activities in our society that does not permit compromise as a safety effort. There is a true dignity involved in the knowledge that anything less than maximum performance will result in personal humiliation and possibly mass defeat. I think particularly of the underdeveloped skill and personal pride involved in playing the line when I say that, beyond the false heroism and halfpence, there exists a tough nobility which is the essence of the game of football.

DAVID MACGILLIVRAY, OTTAWA

Play it again, Sam

I am (or was) a CUSO volunteer recently returned from Guyana, South America, where I stayed for three years. Naturally in such circumstances there is the desire to know what is going on at home, and I would like to express my thanks to Maclean's for doing this so well.

Since Maclean's has adopted its

new format with Peter C. Newman as editor it has become one of the finest, if not the finest, publication of its type in the world. So keep up the good work. There are a few people out there depending on you.

ROBERT SCROTT, KITCHENER, ONT.

* Having just returned from a summer in Europe and lately attempting to identify as a true Canadian while I was there, it makes me want to fight harder as I get home to convince my fellow men that there is more to building a society than mere economic (and sometimes also) success, at that. We not only need strong Christians, but ideas, songs, stories, jokes, magazines and people. Canadian I am thrilled that Maclean's has emerged as such a marvelous publication, worthy of a strong following of Canadians eager for exposure of Canadian ideas and opinions. I am eager to read future issues which reflect the real culture of Canada. I congratulate you on a true accomplishment long awaited by Canadians.

MICHAEL M. JAMISON, FREDERICTON

Everybody loves a lever

Best lever cigarette: double pipe with pot traces, masculine legs, speed, sleeping with just anyone, strong Canadian taxpayers' money for legal defense of someone who is being illegally sprayed. Shame as Maclean's, a Canadian magazine, for publishing the article by James King — *Flames From Gothic Avenue* (November) — and presumably paying good Canadian money for it. The only merit it does is to show us the dark depths of the human scene they are, no good to any society, least of all to Canada. Stop them all back to the U.S. and make them sort themselves out there say I.

WILL REISNER, TORONTO

Our sun also rises

Donald Creighton asserts that internationalism and regionalism are the two milquetoins that stand down the new nationalism — *Watching The Sun Go Down On Canada* (November). The point is extremely well taken but, let me add a further remark why the internationalism movement is failing. Canadians are not sure whether they wish to emulate the American dream of ever-increasing consumption and luxury, or whether they wish to choose a slower, less materialistic but adequate way of life without the attendant evils of organized crime, ec-

plastic and pollution. Too many people are torn by a possible drop in our standard of living. What is more likely is that the use of independence and national self-respect would be a slower rate of economic growth. All we would have to resort to is the American ideal of color television, electric car owners and self-propelled golf carts.

DAVID E. FRASER, EDMONTON

* Donald Creighton casts a nostalgic eye around "the highest achievement" of colonial unity of Confederation forgetting his own writings which document the manipulation, bludgeoning double-dealing and bribery which brought the shabby structure into being. He implies but does not state that the Anglo-Canadian alliance on which he places such value was an expensive economic trap, with goals far different than those of the Yankees to the south — with the identical idea of "progress" which he so adroitly defines. Little wonder, then, the rate of provincialism and isolation, his "lower nobility." To the Westward or Maritime colonies he added like colonialism whether the economic dynasty happened to be in Toronto or New York. Creighton is obsessed with the need for centralization which breeds in legitimate provincial concerns.

When he turns his attention to French Canada, Creighton's perception again leads him to not deal with the error of his ways which challenged the controlling authority of Ottawa. His own sense of cynicism of the "so-called Quiet Revolution" ignores a whole aspect of the same among many of Quebec's enlightened leaders. I never did anything more than to stand for themselves as for what they stood for, the maddest sociological progression which Creighton deplores. They recognized an administrative effort not only in the case of Quebec's resources but in the devotion of their language and culture as well. Creighton was the villain in American eyes at one moment. *Les Québécois* use it as English and related to contribution of power to Ottawa.

Creighton sees only two dimensions of internationalism, TRANSATLANTIC (which really means a relationship with Britain and a British Commonwealth) or continental. The two have already been said, but are there any other ways? Are we not also a Pacific nation? An Arctic nation? A member of Francophonie?

All of which does not dispute the premises of — continued on page 12



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the cigarette
the smoother
the smoke.

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In Wales, settle in a sleepy fishing village and wait for the fishermen to return with your lobster dinner. Fish for a 300 pound shark. Ride a 100 year old train through our million year old coastline. Learn a few words of Welsh: "Mae'r rhwydd yn eiddo" and "Be waf i'r ynnu ynnu" Translation: "This

lobster is splendid!" and "What do I do with this shark?"

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BOAC AND THE BRITISH
TOURIST AUTHORITY

JUNE CALWOOD'S CANADA

Crying brokenhearted over you

I wish I knew where my Canada is or if it is. Since October, 1976, I've been trying to adjust myself to the reality that what I believed all my life was Canada — a land somehow more noble than any other, more tolerant brave and even true, whatever true means — never existed at all except in my head, where its sole function was to enlarge my vision of me the typical Canadian: noble, tolerant, brave and especially, true.

I've looked worried these days for what, at best, is the wrong reason. I weep for me. What collapsed when my countrymen loved the War Measures Act, loved it, was my Canada that I was something special because I am a Canadian, specifically Canadian, a Canadian moreover who can trace lineage back to what Canadian history textbooks graciously call savages.

It has dawned on me after all these years of being thrilled by garages, *Primates*, the flag fluttering at the top of the pole, twilight in Muskoka, a glimmering day after an ice storm, and assorted associates where the waxes and seals behave cordially with one another, that Canadians are a messy lot, have been thoroughly confidently, seriously misled throughout their history, and that the War Measures Act just got the opening, established, last, truly Canadian folk festival of *Blitz Your Neighbor on a Finer Legal Basis*.

Reality is giving me pain, and it would be Canada's fault if she is to be glad if a Canadian believe in pain: it's good for people, there is nothing more Canadian than that concept. We strap five-year-olds in our kindergarten for the offense of being restless — say being free! We hire police and prison guards who know 50 ways to hurt an underweight teen-ager without leaving a mark on him. We lock up the poor in mental hospitals and pri-

sons to teach them a good lesson — say being poor! We distrust as judges, lawyers, printers, police, sheriff and prison ministers those who declare that the people will starve, or being young, or being Indian, or being old or being angry, if you just punch them in the head.

There is no evidence that they are right, because things do not seem to respond positively to being hurt and humiliated. This simple truth can be demonstrated with any small laboratory animal, if you have the heart for it. Just release him, keep him half-hungry, half-cared, and frustrated, or merely ask him repeatedly to do something which is impossible for him. In a surprisingly short time he will either become suicidal which will take the form of total apathy or self-mutilation, or he will become stubborn and attack everything that comes near him.

You can prove the same experiment another way if you happen to like small laboratory animals. Give him the diet that he requires to thrive, a varied environment that permits him to explore and develop and sense affection. What you will then have on your hands is a peppy, healthy, confident small animal.

Canadians may know all about the small laboratory animals, but they don't apply the knowledge to their relationships, and particularly their relationships with young humans, hence, because they simply can't. Training and loving are skills people pick up from being raised and loved and that's an experience that isn't common. What lies in the heart of everyone is fear and those who have more fear than they can bear (which is just about everybody) protect themselves by being wicked and dishonest, by giving pain, they are safer.

A member of a motorcycle gang taught me that life was describing how he came back to a prison association and I said "Why?" and he was amazed that I didn't know. So he wouldn't hurt me, he explained.

Canadians are very frightened of one another, which makes them less-

ly, which makes them dangerous to their own kind. We put more people in prison, per capita, than any other Western society in the world. Our prisons duplicate the conditions for making small laboratory animals insane — they are full of the destruction of young lives.

The schools are perhaps the most Canadian aspect of the entire country. They have a strong resemblance to the jail, in that incarceration is there is also civility and justice and the program encourages stupidity and insensitivity. Schools don't use a method of instruction that corresponds to the natural way people learn, and that are scared of a bumper harvest of children who can't figure out the school game will attempt to simulate learning. They therefore are designated as failures. That's what school seems to be all about. Feed the winners. The losers fall out of the bus, half-hungry, non-swimmers full of despair, while the winners sit there for years waiting away, while who have been told that they were eight years old.

There's how you raise our real Canadian: you break his heart and punish his pain. It does have its drawbacks. A few years ago Statistics Canada estimated that one out of every 10 Canadians born in 1965 would spend part of his life in a mental hospital. *Mental hospital?* Three years ago SC revised its estimate and reported that one in every eight Canadians born that year would be locked up in a psychiatric institution. In 1976 it had to be changed again, to one in every six Canadians born in 1965 will be in a psychiatric institution some day.

It isn't easy to distinguish mental hospitals from jails, since both kinds were built about 100 years ago, both stink, and both are full of the poor. Walk-to-do people don't become insane, lucky them, unless they have a proudworthy shoulder known as a breakdown line of work, and they are stranded justly in comfort and privacy in the psychiatric wings of general hospitals.

What we're really proficient at in this country... / continued on page 67



June Calwood is a writer and social activist who spent five years in the mental hospital system of British Columbia. She is a past president of the Ontario Civil Liberties Association. Her most recent work, *After All Anger*, an analysis of human emotions, is currently being done in a study of Canada for *Psychiatry*.



Unmistakably smoother.

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LOOKING FOR BERGMAN

BY JOHN HOFSESS

Her breasts are going stonewall imprisoned in a smock bodysuit. Her mature, sensuous hips make her look like a youngish girl from a 1940s Betty Grable musical. Her feet appear pinched in a pair of Joan Crawford pumps from the *Mildred Pierce* era. Her wavy Afro wig is supposed to make her look wild and revolutionary. Instead she looks like a bedraggled Mary Pickford whose rages have been grazed by lightning. Beneath the collage of old movies that's a woman in her mid-twenties, who in most other eras would have looked beautiful, but who apparently feels obliged, until all vestiges of the quasi-hippie lifestyle are exhausted, to look like a sexy, natty wulf. We're strangers on a train 20 miles east of Montreal headed for Ottawa. She's reading *It's Your Turn*... the Committee on Youth report commissioned by the Trudeau government. Satirically she slaps the book shut and without a word of introduction having passed between us asks, "What does Canada want to you?"

For a moment I feel like a character in a Dostoevsky novel where strangers meet and immediately plunge into weighty conversations without first sniffing around discreetly, exchanging names and identities. "Anahgity," I finally reply. "There may not be much freedom in Canada but there's a hell of a lot of ambiguity." She plays idly with a card around her ear. "This is the most depressing book I've read this year. According to its authors all that young Canadians want is legalized marijuana, abortions on demand, state-supported health — the clichés of bourgeois. Nobody has a bigger or better dream than that."

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Oh no, I say to myself, not another discussion about youth. It has always seemed to me that a man must draw his own boundaries and not be eternally preoccupied with dumb problems. If the use of heroin is soaring, if body lice, hepatitis and VD are making a ghastly comeback, it's nothing to me. Too much of modern life I have a belly response,

not self-pious enough to be called "alienation," and not sufficiently moribund to be called "renewal."

"The just returned from Tadoussac," I tell her, "where Paul Almond was shooting a film with Genevieve Bujold."

"They're getting divorced aren't they?" she interjects.

"I didn't ask," I reply. "I interview people's minds. It's Rex Reed who interviews their genitals. Marriage doesn't mean a person's love is alive and doesn't mean it is dead. If you want to gossip about the Almonds I can't be of any interest to you. I don't have the piquet nose of a press. I don't have a pair of RCMP eyes, nor a mind that feeds on malice and suspicion."

I stop short, catching a supercilious tone in my voice. Her face is too impassive for me to guess her probable thoughts.

"Maybe I should warn you," I say, "the more I talk about film the more I will blather with evangelical zeal. I make films. I write about them. I help manage a 2,000-seat theatre in Hamilton. Films are my bridge to the outside world."

"I expect to make a film every five years or so. It takes me that long to build up a new kind of idea worth expressing. I made a film in 1967. It was sufficiently well regarded by the Czech director Milos Forman, among others, to win first prize at the Vancouver Film Festival. The distributor subsequently lost the print materials so no new prints can be made. A second film was seized by police and presumably destroyed after a lengthy obscenity trial. Hereby a trace of my past work exists."

"There are some countries where you wouldn't have to pay such a price," she replies.

"It's far more distressing for me to see demonstrably phlegmatic directors of the calibre of Claude Jutra (her face expresses no recognition), Paul Almond, Allen King (the nod), Gracine Piquet and others struggling to survive. A lot of clever and clever things have been said about Canada." (continued on page 39)

WHERE THE CANADIAN FILM INDUSTRY CAME FROM & WHERE IT'S GOING: A SPECIAL MACLEAN'S REPORT

CAHIER DU DRAFT BEER

Why it is no longer necessary for Mary Pickford, Yvonne de Carlo, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Goulet, Norman Jewison, Lloyd Bochner, Giséle MacKenzie or Lorne Greene to come home



One day in 1939 Mary Pickford went to her small Toronto bedroom and picked a valise. She was off to California in search of a career advance in the cinema. She had, as Edmund Burke would say, the instinct of all great souls, a passion for fame. Eventually, as history dictated, she played in no fewer than 300 films (who can forget *Her First Husband*?), became known as "the world's sweetheart" and built Pickfair, her famous home (shown above with Douglas Fairbanks) about which doubtless you've heard. But all that doesn't matter anymore. The Canadian expatriate community, which for years has found its artistic truths in the mountains of Beverly Hills, is abuzzing as surely as the Tribes is going dry. Meanwhile back home the land is alive with the sounds of *Aurora* and *Ubers* and *Amis* and *Nigras*. In the hometowns of the nation a scene of serious young actors, actresses and directors has surfaced for all the people to see. Consider this analogy: Czechoslovakian cinema was, from the beginning, overshadowed by the great Russian film studios and forced into obscurity. A few years back a group of

brilliant young Czech directors emerged making films that could be compared favorably to the work of Bergman and Resnais. Likewise Canadian cinema has been overshadowed by the overwhelming competition from Hollywood. "We're like the Czechs were seven years ago, on the verge of something really exciting," says Toronto film maker Dan Ovea. The lives of the new cineastes are fully to be more funky than grand, more neighborly than celebrated, more low profile than high profile. The photograph next door tells all. From left to right are the girls of Don Siebb's *Gone With The Road*: Cayle Charron, 23, Jane Barnwood, 26, and Nicole Morin, 25, at their corner Toronto pub. All three have plans to stick around to do Canadian films, or as Nicole Morin (our cover girl from Black Lake, Quebec) says, "How could I be a Hollywood sex symbol when I walk fourteen bus stop minutes and like to go home and taking all the time?" Her sentiments are legion as the next four pages will show. Who ever heard of Raquel Welch, Leigh Taylor-Young and Ann-Margret getting drunk together to talk over 10-hour dialogues and the next huzzing trip?





If you're into Dan Aykroyd's new film *48-60-42* (above), you're into 20-year-old Susan Dey. Dey has dressed and starred in *48-60-42* was born in Toronto's west end and has always known she would make films in this country. She has also appeared in *Living And Laughing* and *4 First Names*, both recent Canadian movies. "All of us are waiting for the great Canadian film to be made and someone is going to make it very soon," she's confident.



If you've seen French-Canadian director Gilles Carlier's film *Les Milles* (above), you've seen André Pelletier (brother of Secretary of State Clément Pelletier) both dressed and undressed. So it goes. Already, in April '86, she has a film acting reputation and an impressive future.



Dan Aykroyd, 25, of *Monty Python*, has a very nice body. She says herself, "I like my body and I'm not a nerd." So well that she helped French-Canadian director Denis Héroux make more than a million dollars in Quebec alone with his directorial debut *Les Milles* and you another pile with *The Secret of Saint Germain*. That's not even his last film. *Shogun* (O. J. Simpson), a tale about Japanese samurai.



You may, or may not, remember her. Tomikony's sister is Ken Kesey's film *The Music Lesson* (below). She was played by Susan Dey. 12, O.J. who was born in Toronto and raised in Montreal but who has recently moved to Toronto. She is featured in a Canadian film shot in Newfoundland called *The Roadhouse* and directed by Peter Cullen. As she says, "The happy there will be enough film made to keep me here. I love Toronto."



Which brings us to Catherine Boldt. At 25, she has an enormous reputation after appearing in Paul Almond's *Act Of The Heart* (above) and such successes as *La Guerre Est Finie* and *Over 100 Years*. She lives in Montreal, likes to work in Canadian films and is living proof that Toronto really was wrong — you can find home. She's the example to follow. The actress Hollywood ran a new place in town, who would want to be there? Ask Mary Pickford.



THE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD CINEASTES

Why it is absolutely mandatory for Claude Jutra, Dick Smith, Gracine Ferguon, or Claude Mackay to travel: to see home



Claude Jutra — At 41, Claude Jutra has wrestled with poverty, depression, arrests, often fleeing secretly, toiling alone the hope of being a film maker. His first two features, *At 41* (1967) and *Le Lait* (1969) brought him no financial aid. He collaborated with Norman MacKenzie in 1967 on *31 Rue* (31 Rue), and with Michel Melani and Claude Fournier in 1968 on *Le Lait* (milk) in Africa. Sometimes with resources being too meagre to finance a feature he did short films, such as *Koolhaas* (1966) for the Montreal Film Festival.

Mon Oncle Antoine (1971) was featured partly by the NFIL and its independent film festival in Montreal. It was shown at the 1971 Cannes Film Festival. Maurice Film Festival and Montreal Film Festival, but received no financial backing in Canada until November shot in Black Lake, Quebec, the film covers the events in a young boy's life as he approaches adolescence. In an understated story and wealth of humor, its careful, loving depiction of small town life. *Mon Oncle Antoine* is one of the best Canadian films to date. The 1971 Canadian Film

Awards gave it eight first prizes — unprecedented for a single film. With a new grant at hand, *Mon Oncle Antoine* based on Anne Riitters's best-selling French novel (now to be published in English) and rights to *Le Lait*. *Mon Oncle Antoine* is a feature film. Jutra is more hopeful about his career than at age 40. There is a new strength in him, a new optimism. "I hope to be what I should be, from this point on," a film director," he says, "not some dorkish beggarly artist."



Dick Smith — At 35, Toronto-born Dick Smith is one of English-speaking Canada's best-known film directors. *Gracine* (1970) and *The Road* (1970) is the most distinguished critical success in years for a Canadian film. *Gracine* is a commercial hit. It is all of its quiet impact. Smith is now a film director. His growth as a film director was gradual, spread over a 10-year period, as he worked on short films, private experience and developing his skills. Smith speaks wistfully about the poor quality and awareness of work would be Canadian film directors, especially the younger directors who try to keep from home movies, or a couple of 16-mm shorts to full-length feature films. To Smith there is no substitute for training, no excuse for inadequate and vulgar pictures. "Most Canadian films that feel deserve to fail," he says. "What young directors need to do is to find themselves in short subjects and of course we need to find a market for the best work they do. At present a lot of film students feel there is no future in short film. They do, but only for those who stand a chance of being shown in film festivals too quickly as a type of film that is over their heads. The only

one possibility they see as more that would be better would be more experienced directors, and they give the industry a bad name. People say, 'Another Canadian movie — right?' They know from experience how dumb and dispirited many of our movies are."



Gracine Ferguon — Most films are poor, but good at most times. They do what we can do. There is no one who can do this better than Gracine Ferguon. But there are certain films that are beautiful in film history, and Gracine Ferguon's 16-mm film, *Gracine*, shot in IMAX and shown at Cineplex in Toronto's Ontario Place last summer, is such a film. The dimensions of the film medium will cover the same space.

Mon Oncle Antoine employs the huge scale screen image yet devoid of too much, too little light. With an image of cinema's critical dimensions, using a film becomes a new psychological experience. The viewer becomes a mere dwarf. Modern man is knowing and brief, becoming reacquainted with art. IMAX at its youngest stage of development is undeniably thrilling, but what a true dimensional world is possible film will be able to create chosen even more intense and revolutionary.

Gracine Ferguon was born in Toronto and raised in Galt. In 1955 he moved to India where he studied the Hindu Hindu. He studied in India, and on *The Road* and *The*

Gracine film festival. The *Gracine* film festival (below) and *The Road* film festival were produced in New York. He is joined in Canada by people like *Gracine* (1970) and *The Road* (1970) and he continued to develop the IMAX system through his own company. Ferguon now plans to build IMAX with Canadian companies several times over, to be the prototype Cineplex to create a national for feature length IMAX films which both he and independent film makers wish to see.



Claude Mackay — "I'm not a director, I'm a show business," says 21-year-old Claude Mackay of Toronto. Since completing *The Only Thing You Know* (1970), he has been working in the film industry. He has been working in the film industry for several years, and he has been working in the film industry for several years. He has been working in the film industry for several years, and he has been working in the film industry for several years.

Part of Mackay's difficulty is that as a 21-year-old, whatever it is, it is not a film. It is a show up to him — a process that in the end would cost about \$100,000, which Mackay doesn't have. Canada has 1,115 theaters compared to show 15-mm films but only 41 equipped to show 16-mm films. Of these, Canada has three, Newfoundland has eight and British Columbia 10. *The Only Thing You Know*, the first Canadian film to be shown in IMAX, was shown in the

Gracine film festival. The *Gracine* film festival (below) and *The Road* film festival were produced in New York. He is joined in Canada by people like *Gracine* (1970) and *The Road* (1970) and he continued to develop the IMAX system through his own company. Ferguon now plans to build IMAX with Canadian companies several times over, to be the prototype Cineplex to create a national for feature length IMAX films which both he and independent film makers wish to see.



EVEN C.B. HAD TO START SOMEWHERE

A film maker is people that study when you are

THE NINE HEAVIES

PRIME RULE: everybody in the Canadian film industry just wants money to survive. And since money breeds money it is of absolute importance to know who has the cash, whether it flows with a red or blue face, what power their fat hands hold and, above all, whose influence will get you closer to the lead role. Here's how nine men whose names and ranks should be remembered by all aspiring film

Michael Spencer — As Executive Director of the California Film Development Corporation, Michael Spencer has the unusual task of trying to create a viable film industry through subsidies incentives. Like a lot of money is spent on advertising and promotion, he estimates that \$10 million dollars. When the competition arrives in "San Diego," he is usually on the line by political opportunists eager to tap that taxpayers' money to build and for social purposes, as in the case with the film industry. The film industry (which often do not enjoy that social treatment) is a subordinated by the film industry has not been commercially oriented. It's a one-way public. He does it well. Your best bet is to get the film industry to the public. (Info: 1-800-855-8555)

Harry Blamson — We prefer not to stress in Canadian films," says Harry Blamson, Secretary-Treasurer of Odium Theatre (Canada) Ltd. "We've created in *Joe Going To Get You Without Buy* it was a typical Canadian film and it was a disaster," says, but he forgot to mention Odium's past judgment in intervening in one movie that the public ignored and variously all critics panned. Much money, but he prepared to leave the

Sydney Newman — For over 30 years the National Film Board has labored like the proverbial mule to most distinguished recognition have been the

Index of Norman McLaren
Author: Lippell, Don Owen
and Ron Kelly. An Canadian
Government Film Commis-
sioner and Chairman of the
NFB in Montreal. Sydney New-
sman is trying to give the board
a supposed new role to play in
Canadian society. In Quebec
the French wing has apparently
grown too expensive — a number
of political lines, including
the serious of separatism have
been shifted recently and have
become a cause célèbre. Sydney
Newsman is very influential and
has government money to give

[illegible]

Budger Crowley
Budger Crowley has been active in all phases of film in Canada, serving before World War II as a writer, producer and director. Crowley Film, Ottawa and Film Canada Productions Limited Toronto, he co-owns. Crowe usually films in black and white. *Northline* which has received a number of awards from the Canadian Film Producers Guild, is his latest production. He produced the feature *Gunsmoke Profile* in 1965 with Catherine Deneuve, and *The End Of Oyster Bay* in 1964 — both good films. He has a new film, *Northline*, in the air. He produced 18 episodes of *The RCMP* series — one of the earliest television series in Canada. He is one of the best-paid, most respected producers in Canada, his salary for *Northline* was \$100,000.

Bill Robinson — Hard-boiled detective plays for Fimco Players in Toronto. A company which in recent years has come under severe criticism from the CRTC for its holdovers and performance in the cable-telerevision field. Anticipating similar criticism concerning its operation of theatres in Canada, Fimco Players has intended to convert Canadian films — Al Waxman's *The Crowd* leads over Reisman's *Foxy Lady* and Alan Kings' superb new feature *Come Go Children* and none to mention its role in the film *President*, produced by the well-known actor, but

Resort Fide — He owns and operates the New Yorker Theatre in Toronto (which in the past year has consistently shown Canadian films) and is President of Phoenix Film, acting as producer of *Give, Give The Road and the Sky* (d. Robert Fide). He is one of the very few members of the film industry determined to make and show Canadian films. *Willis is available.*

Geoffrey Fowling — A film using the CBC's radio. Director of the Stratford International Film Festival, Director of the Ontario Film Theatre and Institute, and Chairman of the Jury for the Canadian Film Awards, he is involved in his efforts to promote Canadian movies shows here and throughout the world. He comes in, often that man-

Peter Munro — A co-owner of the Canadian Film Archives in Ottawa, Peter Munro hopes to acquire a print of every new Canadian film made. "We add distributors to design one year to 10 or 15 years for library print prices," says Munro. "But it's not afford to buy them on our own, but we're very concerned that there should be one print at least in Canada that preserves the entire history of Canadian cinema. We also was copies of original territories. Munro maintains the most complete collection of Canadian on-movie film material and is the author of *Canadian Feature Films 1914-1968*. A review is forthcoming.

HARDWARE



Most young film makers experiment with a variety of film equipment until they discover the process requirements of their particular type of film. The easiest and cheapest way of gaining technical experience is by renting equipment on a making short test films. Rental prices vary widely depending upon the age and condition of equipment, but the following companies usually supply a good selection of Kodak, Bell

Avirell, Bolek, Eclair, Arriflex, Arri and Mollif cameras. Optional accessories: 420-lb. tripods, fluid heads, matte boxes, matte lenses and filters, U.S. and Nagra sound recorders. Editing rooms and equipment available. A film maker can save space developing a mastery of the film medium by rentally need to purchase cameras and sound units. A 16mm camera and Uher sound recorder can be obtained for less than \$1,000 and is a good combination for short films on a low budget. An Arriflex camera and Nagra sound recorder combination used by professionalists for \$7,000.

WHERE TO FIND IT

Processing 16-mm and 35-mm film using double exposure of each.

Fuller Thompson Limited, Ltd.
Century 9 Merchandise East
Toronto 14 Kensington Square
121 St. Patrick Street, Toronto
13- Film House, 22 Front Street
West, Toronto - Northern Motion
Picture Laboratories Limited, 45
Granby Street, Toronto
to Alpha Cine Service Ltd.
1185 Richmond Street, Vancouver
and Toronto, Canada, Ottawa, etc.

Int'l. 916 Dancy Street, Vancouver 1, Associated Screen Industries Limited, 2000 Northfield Avenue, Montreal 269 West Royal Film Corp., Laboratory 1240 St. Antoine, Montreal
Quebec Film Labs, 263 Via Street West, Montreal, Soudis Inc., 1870 Elzary Street, Montreal 138 Dominion Walk, Filmographs Ltd., Motion Picture Division, 339 Churchill Avenue, Niagara, Ontario

F11.M1 E-AB8 (cancelled effects)

Film Opticals of Canada Ltd., 410 Adelaide Street West, Toronto 2. **Film Techniques Ltd.**, 408 King Street West, Toronto. **Special Photography Effects and Allied Co. Ltd.**, 41 Glendon Street, Dollard des Ormeaux, Que. **Film Optical (Quebec) Limited**, 5271 St. Maurice Blvd. West, Montreal.

SOFTWARE



A film maker must keep his film vocabulary current. There's nothing worse than being put about two days and four hours ahead of your time. Source material is essential to keep the critical spectators at top form. By all means subscribe to *Colour Age Classics*, *Sight and Sound*, *Film Quarterly* and all the foreign legats. But don't forget: Canada subscribes immediately to *Take One* Limosa Publications.

Company, P.O. Box 1776, Station B, Montreal 118. Subscription rates \$5 for two years, published bi-monthly.

New Canadian Film Published by la Cinéma-tique Québécoise, 3814 rue Saint-Denis, Montreal 121. Available free of charge, upon request.

File: Canadiana Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Street, Ottawa, K2A 1H7. Published four times a year. Subscription \$25. List of other publications available free upon request.

Impact Canadian Cinema Magazine 31 Mercer Street, Toronto. Distributed free on film, videocassette.

By all means make a habit of building up your book library on the subject with the essays of Emerson's, Traftlet or Hachcock, anything by Pauline Kael, etc. Here's where to buy *Cine Books*, 692a Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone: Mail Order: 563-6414. Other:

SHIPPL

Many Canadian high schools and universities now offer credit courses in film. In film-study classes, the students learn a lot about movies. Schwartz and

OUTPUT

Film cooperatives are possibly the most helpful, scrupulous people concerned with the production and distribution of 16mm films, who can provide advice concerning equipment, production problems and finances to the young film maker. They are also catalysts to many film sources throughout Canada and arrange for films to be rented if you're not starting your own immediately.

Association of Canadian Film Co-operatives, 341 Shaw Street

Box 24, Torquay 3. Contact
Kornet Cee Canadian Film-
makers' Distribution Centre, 31
Bloor West Toronto. Contact
Mr Murphy. London Film-
makers' Group, 1055 Lombard
Avenue, London 13. Dist. Con-
tact Jack Chambers Le
Coopérative des Cinéastes & In-
dépendants, 2026 rue Guyon
Est. Montreal 131 Contact
Claude Chamberlain. Coopéra-
tive des Producteurs Audio

Vincent, 86 Sherbourne Street West, Montreal, Quebec
Patrick Aubrey, Pacific Communications, c/o Vancouver Art Gallery, 1140 West Georgia Street, Vancouver 5, Canada
Warner Audio, Region Independent, Filmcombs, 38 Allen Avenue, Regina, Saskatchewan
Jack B.W. Swynson, Letzliche Film Co-op, 13184 74th Avenue Edmonton, Contact: Keri Travers, Toronto Film-Nuke Co-op, 141 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Contact: Jerry M. Nohle

**OPENING NIGHT
AT THE BIJOU**

All right, you've been through a bit, looking confident, another Don Shabo maybe or even Paul Amato, and you're ready for the big test. You want to get a hitlist or a short list of important downtown theatres. The following distributors specialize in Canadian films and good deals. Take heart, and take a lawyer along too.

Finestra Films, 551 Yonge Street, Toronto, Contact: Robert Fuchs. **Film Canada Productions Ltd.**, 1 Charles Street East, Toronto. Contact: Rudy Cusack. **New Cinema of Canada**, 295 Avenue Road, Toronto. Contact: Patricia Murphy. **Acad Films**, 234 Denison

Dorset, Ontario Contact: Martin
Duckert, Morley Marston &
Associates, 187 Borden Ave.
E., Toronto 5. Contact: Mike
Fitzpatrick, 1000 Bloor St. W.
1000 Alexander, Debbie Shaw
Montreal 133 Contact: André
Molteni, Pines Films, 33
Sherbrooke Street East, Suite
100, Montreal 1. Contact: John
Patterson, Pines Films, 33
Patterson, Pines Films, 33
P.O. Box 548, Place Desjardins
West, Montreal 114 Contact:
Robert Pines, Pines Films, 33
Pines Films, 33 Contact:
Contact Don Johnson, Cine
Films, 333 Mount Pleasant
Road, Toronto Contact: Mike
Meyerson.

For more information and dis-
tribution to film societies,
Canadian Film Institute,
1 Carling Avenue, Ottawa
K1A 2B5, Gordon McGillivray,
1000 Bloor St. W., Toronto
Distribution of Canada's inter-
net library of 10,000 films
Canadian Film Archives
National Film Theatre, Dis-
tribution of periodicals pertaining to
Canadian film.

Good luck! ♦

THE UPWARDLY MOBILE MR. LOUGHEED

BY WALTER STEWART

Alberta's new premier wants to make it perfectly clear that he is not after Robert Stanfield's job. Not yet, anyway.

It's Sunday morning, but rain lashes down, pounding the house's high white tower, slaking against the echoing oval wall, stroboscoping the surface of the Elbow river across the way; there will be no pickup football game today. No matter, the boys who come pelting down the driveway are laughing and jostling as they push up to the house's private entrance, where Harold Wilson, in the lead, pounds the door. It opens a crack; a small figure peers out with the hooded demand, "Hawmond?"

"Crappachee," responds Harold.

"Edgar, Harold."

The door swings wide and the boys push through into a recreation room dominated by a Ping-Pong table. There will be a tournament today; the schedules are already drawn, everything has been organized. Each boy will represent a football team, and together they will run through an entire league schedule, playoffs and all. Chances are the winner will be the boy who lost it all out — Edgar Peter Lougheed.

That was 30 years ago, and Lougheed (pronounced Law-head), now premier of Alberta, hasn't changed much. He is still the playground rascal, the ultimate organizer. "People accuse him of being calculating," says David Wood, a longtime friend and political adviser. "Well, you're goddam right he's calculating. Who would you rather have in charge, somebody who flails around and hopes for the best, or somebody who knows what he wants and how to go about getting it?"

What Peter Lougheed wanted last August 30 was the premiership, and he went about getting it with the skill, thoroughness and shrewd calculation that are as much part of his makeup as the crinkly blue eyes, the little-boy smile, the just-right-for-fitness handshake. When he began, in 1965, by organizing his own election as leader of the provincial Progressive Conservatives, the party had no members in the legislature, few funds and fewer friends, the ring of real activists cold and dead near in Lougheed's Calgary living room. Six years later Lougheed's Tories toppled Social Credit from its 36-year-old throne and sent 49 MLAs back to the 75-seat legislature. Within 24 hours of that victory, Lougheed was being touted as a possible federal leader, the man who could — and Tories believed



as they said it — "give Trudeau a run for his money."

Well, politics is a risky business, and it's too early to say fifty that Lougheed will be running for prime minister in 1976 or 1980. He certainly won't say so. "I had a tough enough time getting this job. I haven't even thought about federal politics," which is predictable enough, but you can't help thinking that, behind the carefully spun and flaked web, all that superbly organized grey matter must be telling Lougheed that the federal Conservatives are in trouble, and that, if he does his Alberta job well, about four years hence, Peter Lougheed will appear to most Tories to be the one possible candidate in the political desert they've been browsing since 1963. (Stanford Friedman of the *Edmonton Journal*, whose cover-story on Lougheed's rise to the polls in October makes him another obvious possibility, has vehemently denied any federal ambition.)

Two more factors may be added. One is Lougheed's ego. Self-esteem is part of every politician's essential kit, and Lougheed, though he concedes it better than most, has it in generous measure. (One day he said of the way he often refers to himself as "we." "As in, 'Well, we had played some football and the Edmonton Eskimos were just being formed so we carried out and, by golly, we made it.' " Please for me, self-deprecating aside. "The important thing is we carried it.") And why not? Scion of a wealthy Alberta family, Lougheed might have coasted through life on inherited privilege, as his father did. Instead, he chose to plunge in and compete — at school, in sports, in business and in politics — and he always came away a winner.

That's the other factor that must be borne in mind — Lougheed's competitive drive. "I enjoy competition," he says. "I guess it's the thing I enjoy most." At the University of Alberta, Lougheed ran for presidency of his fraternity, Delta Upsilon, and, naturally, made it. One of his chores was to announce fraternity members and their dates at the annual dance, to name perhaps 200 people correctly as they sat at long tables in the ballroom. It's a kind of game to see how many mistakes the fraternity president makes, every proper introduction is related with a cheer, every oversight with laughter and groans. Nobody ever gets a perfect score, of course. Until Lougheed. He perched over the chairman's head, on the big night, named every person in the hall correctly and without hesitation.

In a sense, Lougheed is the embodiment of the new, urban Alberta, which may be one reason nature turned to him. He has the dash, the energy, the aggressive confidence of first developing provinces, combined with the organized economic conservatism of a people who are, all in all, doing very well. Just before the election, he complained that "the Alberta economy has never been weaker than it is this year," but when I read him statistics from the main economic indicators for the first half of 1971 — firm cash receipts up 8.1%, value of building permits up 39%, wholesale trade up 16%, crude oil sales up 32%, gas sales up 10%, unemployment, at 6%, lower than most provinces — he replied that what he really meant was that the sale of oil loans was declining down to \$28 million in 1970 from \$76 million in 1969, which is a way of saying that what really worries Lougheed is that the province's rate of expansion may be slowing. In neighboring Saskatchewan, or in the Maritimes, that kind of worry would be a bitter pill, but it seems right in Alberta, where ambition is a way of life.

And so, if Lougheed does well as premier, he will not be content to cultivate his garden. The man has no neutral ground. His victory last August means more than the overthrow of yet another provincial regime, in all likelihood it marks the emergence of a major national figure. Given a little time, the right circumstances, Lougheed could be our prime minister one day. He is. / continued on page 31

THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE AND OTHER LIES

BY CHRISTINA NEWMAN

The Class of '56 revisited

Every year in late October, the University of Toronto Alumni Association stages a Homecoming Day, aimed to coincide with the Queen's Victoria football game (Coach vs. Blain in the stadium), and presumably meant to serve as the university's graduates' first night combination of nostalgia and generosity, so that next time the Varsity Television rings asking funds for the Living Endowment the alumni will respond with happy cheques.

When I was an undergraduate at Victoria in the Fifties, the day was regarded with small disdain. (Barely off the first oxygen on Saturday, Blain's going to be a flake parade and a lot of bloody old grads in single socks and brown fedoras.) And as 24 of the 15 alumnae since (my God, I can't believe that) when I've been a bona-fide graduate, I've needed to look at the Homecoming notice for five seconds when it arrived in the mail with something close to amazement (I wonder if anybody goes?) But this October post, my graduating year — that of '56 — was being especially haunted and it seemed right somehow to set off for Homecoming as the crumbly-eyed experience that the day might turn out to be significant.

I had the notion fixed in my mind that with my luck I might be able to get some kind of picture of my graduation, the premiere of the Fifties, the one that's supposed to have grown up cool and is now in its middle thirties, holding fast to certain positions of power, drinking, happily to music, and, surely approaching Middle Age.

And it was. Though the picture was drawn less out of the day's events — the campus walking tour, the first parade, the doctors' high heels, lunch, the football game, the American Year (suspiciously good beer, dry sherry, one dollar, apud in front of the Great Hall here) and a dinner I never even got to — that out of the moments, that dream and pale reflection those old events evoke in the mind.

The girl (dies of TFI) who co-

duced our inaugural issue, finally revealing facts about the new medical building and the new library and the new educational facilities at the University College conference, may have been in one of the dormitory buildings with not two garbages 16-year-olds taking about heroin addiction in the high schools, protests against the American Star and the Imperial results of the Ontario election. What I saw was the two of us in the way we'd been 17 years before in the autumn of our junior year when we moved across that same campus in generally blouses, sweater sweaters with detachable white Peter Pan collars, baggy skirts and button-down button-downs (and by button down in shops on Baker Street for \$1.50 and not to make you look like Gino Lombardi if you harbored hopes of appearing somewhere at the Academy Hepburn if you didn't) talking about the theme of authenticity in Spenser's *Prince Casper*, who had given whom he experienced ring on Thanksgiving weekend and the forthcoming trip of the International Relationship Club to the United Nations in New York.

The whole day was like that. In isolated by ghosts. Before it was over, the Fifties began to glow in my mind as though they'd been filmed by David Lean, and I closed myself, looking back on the period the way certain English novels look back on 1913, as a dreamlike moment as before reality struck.

While I lived, it was thought to be a bad decade to belong to and the people who grew up during it mostly have been defined as a generation solely in negative terms: too young for the Second World War, too old for the alternative culture.

But what was good about the Fifties, as somebody behind me said hoarsely during the Homecoming football game, was that you "knew where you'd been and where you were going." And probably nobody knew any better than the university students of the time. Canada was in the middle

of the biggest boom and the smuggest decade in its history, and a generally decent was supposed to be the given assurance of a secure future.

When I first climbed the front steps of Victoria College to enroll in the lower course in English Language and Literature and read the motto engraved on the red brick archway, "The Truth Shall Make You Free," I believed it. And so, I'll repeat now, did most of the other 230 odd high-school graduates who signed up at the same time for that and the other arts and science courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Victoria was one of the four federated arts colleges that the University of Toronto included then and I like to think that it was prominent in the very best sense, that is, it reflected the preoccupations and strengths of the country that produced it.

In first president was Egerton Ryerson and it numbers among its graduates a prime minister (Lester Pearson), a part of the first rank (G. E. F. Powell), and not of the national history cities of the 20th century (Northrop Frye). But in any case it was primarily known as a college for the cerebral, productive, conscientious English-Canadian middle class. Through its academically apt, down passed thousands of future high-school teachers, and servants, librarians, lawyers, United Church ministers, missionaries, CLUB volunteers, YMCA organizers and an endless parade of shrewd girls, destined to become good wives, better mothers and active members of Conservative Women's clubs in cities with populations over 100,000.

Catholics, Jews, ethnic and the rich went elsewhere; to be educated so just about everybody at Victoria in those days was Protestant, white, liberal and, of necessity, paragonous. And since the Fifties was the last era when these qualities were seen in vintage, Victoria may have been the ideal blueprint site from which to view the decade. / continued on page 56





A photograph of a winter forest scene. The image shows a dense stand of tall, slender trees, likely deciduous, whose branches are heavily laden with a thick layer of white snow. Some branches still hold a few brown, dried leaves. The background is a soft, out-of-focus expanse of more snow-covered trees, creating a sense of depth and a serene, cold atmosphere. The lighting is diffused, typical of an overcast winter day.

The truth is that for all our experience with water — and all our identification with it in the eyes of the world — we're not very accomplished at it, at least not in the art of living with it. We don't make very well at all. From January on, it's purgatory to make saving the more subtle. Or a thing to run south from and come back and show our older sisters of honorable Nazama while outside the window view a seeping order or a chaotic void.

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of us anyway. And therefore we should be happy with it. After all, isn't security the goal of most of our lives? And once assured, shouldn't it be at its reverse in winter? Now to be sure winter is a miserable threat to the poor and the lonely. But most of us are wrapped round with electricity, oil, family, friends, and the street is . . . at bay out there. That's what all the driving without and saving has been for, hasn't it? There's a sense of well-being you get at no other time of year. Celebrate it.

Winterwatching is a good way. It's also a good way of holding your act together in deep January when the world seems to respond in a different phrase: everything slows; leaves, even down. Go to the countryside (skip out on cold afternoon fields, photographers' noses) and keep a weather eye out, like the poet Al Purdy:

*I patrolled that way on the road
to Timon twice a month
all winter long
watching him the apples clung
in spite of barren winds
sometimes with eyes of snow
little pale fire bells. . .*

Do just go to your window, frankly, and see it does just what lots of modern painters do — derive natural forces to create art.

Now the flats and slates have their own way of turning winter's heavy elements around. They slide and sweep faster than they can in the everyday world. Super-white. Super-light. The same movement you have in downy where you can fly. But you can dream just as well without the society of slates.

At the slow fag end of winter feel their way across the chimney: it is a good time for dreaming. The cold forces us into a kind of involuntary electricity. At first this brings about a feeling of response, later one of improvement. Living becomes redoubt. The whole business of coats, gloves, neck cars, hand wringing. Winter junk. But there are things to do, if you will. It's a good time for learning yourself, even though the Communist psyche has never accepted that as much of an overpromise. Yet in our public search for a national identity, we miss one striking aspect of it (at least striking to people in other countries or recently from them): a profound winter-born of stoicism and a belief in the natural process of things — it will be green again, after all.

And winter is good too, for listening to music and going to films and plays, and for showing up family life. Spring may be the time for young lovers, but winter is the time for established ones — 2001 ones. ■

DOWN HOME NO MORE

BY DONALD CAMERON

Dedicated to Eric Fitzpatrick, a Strait of Canso trawlerman who chose the wrong union

On a brilliant morning last July, two men swept along the Trans-Canada Highway where the green hills of Cape Breton roll down into Bras d'Or Lake. Edward Lundsten, a Canoe fisherman who had recently become a full-time organizer for the United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union, drove the red pickup. The green station wagon belonged to Con Mills, another UFAWU organizer. Their nine passengers were fisherman from Canso and Margrove, heading for Sydney and a place in Vancouver.

Fishermen months of struggle to be represented by the union of their choice had ended. They had fought not only the international corporations that employed them but also the courts, the churches, the media and the government. Twice they brought Nova Scotia to the verge of a general strike. In the end, the companies had reformed them by expelling the divisions within the labor movement itself.

Eric Fitzpatrick stands a hazyshore just outside the struggling seaside village of Margrove. The night before he flew and he talked in his kitchen about being a working man in Canada. A hefty black-headed man of 37, Fitzpatrick has worked hard since he left his native Newfoundland at 18. "I used to think there was a halfway respect of living in this industry for democratic rights," he said as he shook his head. "I thought you had a democratic right to the union of your own choice. Now, when the politicians talk about democratic rights, why it just makes me sick to my stomach. There aren't any democratic rights in this country. Not for fellow fishers."

As he talked, Eric watched Gail Fitzpatrick feed the six children he wouldn't see again before Christmas. Would the family head wear a hat? "Well, right now we don't have any place at all," Eric shrugged. "Just get some food for the kids, that's all. And clear off the debt."

Eric's story began in 1947, when the Nova Scotia Labor Relations Board certified the Canadian Fishermen's Union as bargaining agent for Canadian fishermen. He opposed the union because he felt the fishermen were not employees but "co-venturers" who shared both risk and profit with Lancaster Sea Products. The CFU organizing drive died. Twenty years later, Atlantic trawlermen were still unorganized.

On a twister, wrote Catholic priest Thomas Myerle, who spent eight days on one, "you can work steadily for 30 hours as long as the fish-finder engine keeps getting out fish. And when the fish are slack and the boat changes course, even then rest is not assured. There are fish to be cleaned and put in the barrels, or to be shivered, but even damaged fish to be mended. One of our crew men has lost for over 30 hours. Add to this the wind and the frost, the snow and the slush of winter traveling, the open

deck, the bare hands and the exposed machinery of running winch and spreading steel cables, and you get a first idea of the hardest life by which men will earn their daily bread."

The boats carried only rudimentary medicine chests, when a cable ripped off three of Gerald Collins' fingers, he could only be given cotton batting to staunch the bleeding and a bottle of pain to ease the pain. A hydraulic torch cover once pinned Eric, pressing down on his back till his leg broke in eight places. "When you get hurt on a drifter on the East Coast," he says, "if, oh, you're not hurt, it's just patched." The drifter made neither twine-fine nor, and only 30 hours later did Eric arrive in Antigonish hospital. He was laid up seven months.

When a traveler docked, the company weighed and graded the catch and calculated its value. At Acadia Fisheries in Canso and Margrove, dockhands were paid four dollars a day, plus a share in 10% of the catch. At Booth Fisheries in Pictou de Glace, the share was 31%, with no guarantee. A man might make \$150 on an average 12-day trip. A trawlerman working steadily makes about \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year — but he works eight hours on and four off, putting in twice as many hours a year as the average industrial worker. In heavy fishing the men spend two days in six away from home.

Acadia Fisheries was one of more than 60 subsidiaries of the Boston Fishing Group of Matt, England, and fourth a subsidiary of Chicago's Consolidated Foods (1969 sales more than a billion dollars). Acadia had topped the provincial treasury for loans totaling nine million dollars. The Canadian Labor Congress has given jurisdiction over fisheries to the Canadian Food and Allied Workers' Union, which had been chartered by Chicago's Amalgamated Meatcutters and Butcher Workmen. But in 1961, before the CFAUW — "the Meatpackers," as Eric accurately calls them — started in Nova Scotia, the United Fishermen, a militant anti-CLC union which represents a large majority of West Coast fishermen, sent a two-man organizing team out. Since the UFW had members in Bluffton, Lunenburg — and Canso Strait. By late 1968, 239 fishermen in the Strait locals were ready to ask the company for recognition.

Acadia Fisheries' manager A. L. Cadogan — "Donnie" Cadogan, as he is known in the industry — paces back and forth in his seaside office in the six-euro-dollar Canso fish plant. Canso is full of fish everywhere, but in the manager's office the rack is empty. "This plant doesn't smell bad," says Cadogan, surprised. "You might be here smelling some of the old ones." Cadogan works hard, laughs easily, and speaks bluntly. / continued on page 40



DOWN HOME from page 38

He is saying that the choice was recognition or a bitter strike. "I'm not asking," he insists. "I thought they should have a union. But not the UP."

Why? In a huge advertisement, Bob Patterson has described the UP as "unpredictable and unreliable." Moreover, its president, Homer Stevens, is a Communist Party member. In May, 1979, the Canadian Labor Congress annual convention in Edmonton voted to issue a general advertisement for UP ships by signed with a CLC affiliate — part of the Congress policy of creating lower and bigger unions. Then CLC President Donald MacDonald attacked "separate affairs to perpetuate the labor movement" particularly by "the Communist Party of Canada." As a result of denigrating the union, MacDonald roared, "If the socialist fish, near it?" In response, the Halifax Chronicle-Herald reprinted the story, so it came across the CLC. **REASON: COMMUNIST LEADERSHIP IS FACTOR.**

"This is another way they have of scaring the people," Eric shouts. "There's lots of religious people around Nova Scotia, and if you're a Communist you're not supposed to believe in God or truth. They say in this century you got a right to be what you want to be — well, if Homer Stevens is a Communist, that's Homer Stevens' business. As long as he don't tell me what church to go to, that's okay."

In fact, Acadia's British parent company regularly bargains with Communist-led unions. "The UP would have demolished rawfish prices from the industry," Cadogan says. The issue was not Communism, but money and power.

In early April, 1979, the fishermen pulled the crew of each boatman together. The men voted overwhelmingly to strike. By mid-April picket lines surrounded the fish plants in all three parts. "You'll be out there all summer long!" Cadogan predicted. They were.

On April 19, Acadia used the emergency powers granted in industry-related Nova Scotia law: either the union would pull out or Acadia would. Since when, reported Homer Stevens, peering the whole point of the strike in a response, did anyone but the fishermen have the right to choose their union? On May 11, a fish-laden Acadia truck drove through the Canso picket lines, headed for Halifax. Malgrave fishermen intercepted it at Guysborough, and live were arrested. The incident publicized the strike and the union stepped up its campaign for funds.

Meanwhile Acadia Fisheries met its commitments from its numerous plants in Newfoundland and the eastern United States. For each weekwork Acadia — the only Boston Group company in America, with no other plants but those in Canso Strait — members of the Nova Scotia Fish Producers' Association arranged to cover essential commitments and raised a cash subsidy for the duration of the strike.

On May 21, Judge Nathan Greene was appointed a state-wide federal-provincial commission of inquiry into the strike. A week later the companies accepted his criterion recommendation that the fishermen return on the old terms while the inquiry continued, but the fishermen overwhelmingly rejected it.

So, out at the eastern tip of mainland Canada, where the tiny shingled houses of Canso lie scattered among the hoodlums, the fishermen and the



Curry and the Richardsons walked the picket line. Men and women whose ancestors had sailed out of the Marston's distant fishing village for centuries would split a few berries of beer to parked cars, better seeing themselves and hard company officials as they came and went. Cadogan says he's heard some rough language, but none rougher than once that the company had at him. When you ask the fishermen's wives about it, they just shrug.

In all three parts, the fishermen had loved the Mounties taking pictures, and on June 4, as the strike moved into its third month, they found out why. Supreme Court Justice D. J. Gibson awarded the companies *ex parte* injunctions — court orders based on the company's representations only — prohibiting the UP and 27 of its members from picketing the three plants. The fishermen, their wives and supporters gathered in the union halls and de-

clined to risk contempt of court charges by ignoring the injunctions.

For two weeks, the law was silent. Twelve UP members, including Stevens, Cio Mels and Everett Richardson, went to Canso, where Tony Davidson persuaded them to support

Back in Nova Scotia, the National Farmers' Union was sending truck loads of fruit and vegetables. Money came from pulp workers in BC, electrical workers in Alberta, fishermen in Sydney, Boston, cars and clothes were plucked with UP stock. Members of the Halifax New Democratic Youth joined the picketers, sleeping in the Malgrave union hall. "There's no way to easily discourage them," says one person who did for us," says the Canso. "It was really wonderful. They walked the picket line, they went to meetings with us, they went to restaurants with us, when we had to go to Halifax they kept us under their roofs. When I first heard about them, I figured that they were, you know, like the papers described them and television — they were just a bad bunch of people. Then I got to know them, and I think they're a great bunch of people."

But the courts had not forgotten, and on June 19, Eric and 11 of his comrades from Malgrave found themselves in a Halifax courtroom, facing contempt charges. "I felt pretty nervous," Eric remembers, "looking at the old judge there. When he wanted us to apologize — well, usually to apologize to the companies — and we said we wouldn't apologize, he looked off for a 15-minute session to give us time to talk about it. The judge figured he was kind of scaring everybody — and he was, the way he was coming around about it. He figured that we didn't know what was going on, you know, he figured somebody got to explain it to us. The problem was a very very serious problem to him, I guess."

"Homer simply told us what we were up against, and the lawyer told us, and Homer said, 'Well, you're facing something now that I faced, and you could possibly wind up getting a year in jail. It's in the judge's hands now, and God knows how he'll judge you, but I don't want you to go on there thinking that you don't know all about it.' I went you to understand it. I don't know whether I was the first guy, or whether Joe Levesque was the first to say, 'Well, we'll take our chances.'"

"When we went back in, I was kind of nervous up, but I was still going to go through with it. If it wasn't a year, well, I was going to take a year, and I think all the fishermen

continued on page 42

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DOWN HOME continued

even felt the same way. I never went into a grocery or anything, we knew what was going to happen," Chief Justice Gordon Green gave them 20 and 30 days each. Three days later 16 Cape Bretoners came to trial. "I saw smiles and laughs over the sentence on Friday," Judge Green told them. "It is not going to continue. Pictou has got to stop." He asked Ernest Richardson whether his defiant comments in Ottawa meant to vote against pitting. Richardson wouldn't say. Farris, Green sentenced him to one month in jail. For other Cape Bretoners to see whether Richardson's sentence would stop the picketing.

In Port Huron, 2,000 picket and construction workers walked off the job at once. In Sarnia, 3,000 miners walked. Near Peterborough, construction workers left the Scott Maritime site. Hundreds of sympathizers descended on the Cape Breton ports to walk the picket lines with the fishermen, wives and children. The Rt. Rev. W. W. Davis, Anglican Bishop of Nova Scotia, "deeply regretted" the sentence.

The Nova Scotia Federation of Labor had been known to the strike, at follow-up for the system controlled by the official C.I.C. hostility to the cause. Now it attacked Attorney-General R. A. Dineen, who had ordered the contempt proceedings, for his "open bias against all working Nova Scotians, in favor of foreign corporations who are exploiting our natural resources and who have clearly indicated their total irresponsibility to the people of this province." Hadn't the opposition papers, the *Provincer* *Examiner*, run a full-page editorial headed CONTEMPT FOR THE LAW? What else could an HONORABLE MAN HAVE? Justice Akerman, leader of the Nova Scotia NDP and the only politician to give the strikers full support, denounced the government and the courts "which claim to be impartial yet continue to be the tools of the corporations." Labor Federation Secretary Thomas J. S. Bell suggested Acadia Fisheries be liquidated, and within three days of Richardson's sentencing, with over 3,000 workers all out, the federation president, John Lynk, was denouncing the "wrong possibility" of a general strike.

Faced with this unprecedented solidarity, the government set off the ongoing contempt trials until October 21, and the laborers already in jail were released on bail. Referring to Mulgrave, he calls for a special session of the legislature to amend the onshore law which allowed the province, Eric Fitzpatrick was ju-

stice. "The people are 100% behind me," he said, "and we're going to win."

As the summer rolled on, Tory Labor Minister Thomas McKeough agreed with Judge Green's remark during a hearing that the fishermen's demand for a union was "fair and just," and opened that the law would be changed "within a year." In early August, the government got around to asking the Supreme Court for a ruling on whether it had the power to change the law. The companies remained obstinate, a union struggle but not the U.F. In late July, North Fisheries ran several large newspaper ads attacking the U.F. and threatening to leave Nova Scotia. Acadia bought similar ads, and Cadogan gave sub-



stance to the threats by declaring on August that Acadia's Mulgrave plant was permanently closed. "Fucking," he pronounced, "is finished in Mulgrave."

The Mulgrave fishermen were undaunted. "Let them put me out," said Reg Carter. "Let them get out and go on holidays." In Port de Gail however, Father Georges Amazeux was getting worried. Menzies had gone by, people were suffering. "After six months, it was getting too long," he fretted. "The last thing we couldn't stand was to see Booth leave. And the company was staying only if there was a C.I.C. union." At Booth's August deadline approach, shore plant union president Albert Marcell and others weakened a picket line. Booth stayed in Port de Gail? Not surprisingly, only one of 273 employees voted on July 18 rejecting the

poll as a repudiation of the U.F. Marcell began firing off telegrams to provincial and federal governments demanding "positive action" to "save Homer Stevens and his co-workers from our province."

For the moment Marcell's work went for nothing. Strong in over, the strikers held fish sales and rallies in Halifax and Sydney. The Mulgrave union hall was papered with letters of support. Wives took the story to construction workers in Cape Breton. Mobile families turned out for demonstrations and marches. When you talk Eric about his especially remembers for the strike, he says he thinks a lot "about the women and the part they took in it, going down there when we were in jail. They went down and stood in for picket lines there, and they defied the law and the courts and everything else. I feel kind of proud about them."

Gail put in 20-hour days for weeks on end, picking and collecting money, baking bread and giving out cakes for sale in a nearby store until her health gave out and the doctor ordered her to rest. Eric picked in around the house, somewhat clumsily at times, helping with the kids and the housework. Union men and women came and went in what they both recall as a warm glow of comradeship. Once Homer Stevens and Green McKernan, the U.F. business agent, were touring for support. The Fitzpatricks were living on \$33 a week strike pay plus what Gail could earn, and there was nothing in the fridge when Gail went out to work. When she came back, "Homer and Greta had left the fridge," like some lights up, and in the rich tones of her on Cape Breton she says, "I think it was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me."

Stevens taught the companies and the law, Gail says she is less reluctant to fight with Eric. "I used to be scared all the time. But now I'm not frightened of things I stand up for myself." Eric feels the two are almost the same. "Gail stood right by me," he means. "I've got much respect for her."

On the eve of a general sympathy strike planned by the Cape Breton Trades and Labor Council for August 21, John Green brought down his report. His message: the law gave the fishermen no right to a union, but the law should be changed. In the meantime the fishermen should focus as ad hoc committee to negotiate with the companies, leaving the question of recognition until after the new legislation. At first the fishermen largely rejected the report. *Newsweek* continued on page 45

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DOWN HOME continued

too was, after all, their own demand. But after consulting with the Federation of Labor, the fishermen agreed to elect to ad hoc committee of four fishermen from each of the ports. Under the chairmanship of Labor Minister McKenney, talks began in Halifax early in September. Everett Richardson was there and so was Eric Fiset, a fisherman, experienced management. Not surprisingly, conversation often broke down.

On one memorable occasion, Eric blew up. "We're here, I said, talking to a bunch of men that's got 20 years of experience these things, and you got 20 years of experience of screwing the rich and the poor. You got a bunch of fishermen in here now, I said, and you're trying to walk all over them. You should be ashamed of yourselves. This is a disgrace to the community, and it's a disgrace to the whole country. Essential people that who Eric was doing 'there wasn't a drop of blood left in any of their faces.' The company was put up and walked out and had to be talked into returning.

Just before the provincial election in October the fishermen signed a contract which gained them higher fish prices, grievance procedures, local representation in working conditions. Cuddeback down that the agreement contained anything new, aside from the fish prices. But the case ended under the first collective agreement they had ever had. A few days later, Nova Scotia lauded the Liberals a bare 23-21 victory — and gave two seats to Albert's NDP. The fishermen's lawyer, Leonard Poiré, became the new Attorney General and Minister of Labor, and the Liberals were pledged to "more jurisdiction" as these ports it, by changing the Trade Union Act. After that the fishermen could have their union certified, whether the company liked it or not. As Christmas approached the fishermen had things to celebrate.

"The men were back to work," says Poiré in his lawyer's exultant tone, leaning back in his desk chair in the Attorney General's cavernous office overlooking Halifax harbor. "No one was really handicapped by a delay, and the first opportunity we got to bring in the legislation in a respectable manner, we did." But by then it was March 18, and for the fishermen the delay had been an anathema.

Witnessed by the companies, headed by the C.L.C., the Canadian Food and Allied Workers had begun raising the UF locals almost be-

fore the ink dried on the Cuddeback agreement. "There is a conspiracy of interest," wrote a CFAW official, "between the government, the companies, and our union." In Port de Gort, the CFAW contacted sympathetic people like Albert Martel and Father Arsenault, and signed up not only towermen but shore plant workers as well. On December 21, 1973, 8000 fishermen, granted CFAW voluntary jurisdiction and a union shop, America to keep back in Nova Scotia, most towermen fell into line.

In January, CFAW organizers Ben Bury and Jim Coles moved into the Acadia fleet. They avoided Cuddeback's defiance, signing up towermen who lived in Lunenburg, at Gloucester, in Gaspereau and elsewhere. "We did it rather quietly," re-

85 filed complaints of unfair labor practices with the Labor Relations Board. When Bill El was signed into law March 15, Acadia and CFAW lodged their agreements with the board, if the board accepted them, CFAW was automatically certified. Naturally the UF challenged the agreements, filing 37 appeal cards. Over the next four months the board held abundant hearings on the disputes, while the academic towermen stayed ashore.

"It had something to do with money," Eric concedes. "To think that for 20 years, the only way that had girls enough to come to Nova Scotia to try to separate the fishermen — well, and couldn't turn out on him. I'd rather starve than join the CP. I don't like the principles of it, I don't like the way they came to this. Another thing about the CP, it's all Canadian owned. I don't see why we have to have the Newfoundland come up from Chicago to acquire fishermen on the East Coast. I just couldn't join the CP, that's all there is to it. I don't think you could sleep at night — and I like my sleep."

Over again the fishermen were living on what they could make themselves, and on donations from sympathizers. As seasonal workers, they could not draw unemployment insurance and local officials were dropping them without, despite Bury and Poiré's pleas from the provincial cabinet. On May 21, Bishop Dunn defiantly basked in heavy praise and announced that Father Ron Parsons, who had supported the fishermen all along, would be relieved of his job in Camp August 31. "I don't think you could be fired from a church," Parsons raved, "but I have been, so I guess you can." Even the NDP, closely tied to the C.L.C., was restless what means "elections that could be held across the province."

While the board deliberated, a citizens' Committee for a Free Vote for Fisheries sponsored a five-day paid heated by those willing presenters to approve a vote of every available fisherman who had been employed by Acadia on March 3. On May 19, 94 of the 112 men chose the UF as a 66-3 landslide. Ben Bury and Donald MacDonald denounced the vote, with Bury charging election irregularities and UF infiltration. MacDonald went on to warn that for the people of Nova Scotia wish to use as a decade of violence and confusion which could split into the fishermen, the way to do it is to permit the UF to grant control of the industry. Henry Stevens had always said



"I didn't think you could be fired from a church," says Father Ron Parsons. "But I have been, so I guess you can."

oids Bury, 55, smooth and assured, fully at home in his modern Don Mills office. "But we signed up a majority."

On March 5, Acadia granted voluntary jurisdiction to CFAW, and three days later signed a union shop collective agreement for the towermen.

But when the Acadia towermen? They came and go, rubbing up where from one or two trips a year up to Eric's 27. The CFAW cleared 57 signed membership cards, but the UF fishermen insist that many of them were signed by men who had made only occasional trips, ashore or on sea years earlier. Between March 18, however, CFAW was under no legal obligation to prove to anyone that it represented anybody. It had only to satisfy Acadia.

Towermen looking in Chase were told to join CFAW or quit. About 80 of the 112 towermen walked out, and

DOWN HOME continued

that temper was a luxury, and even now, as the desperate fishermen tried to dismantle their grievances, they remained reasonable. On June 8, 141 UF members boarded the Acadia Grill, warped her out from the dock, and held her until five o'clock of Moscovitz's Moskovitch tried to charge them with mischief, a charge later dismissed on a technicality.

On June 23, the Labor Relations Board came to its final conclusion: "The board couldn't hear evidence on anything that happened before the expiration of Moskovitch," explains a source acquainted with it. "At it could do was see that the CFAW had a majority in all of the nineteenth and after." A legislative view, the board's view relevant, it could have held a case had it wished to. In any case, the UF fishermen had already been issued by the nineteenth, so the CFAW certainly did have a majority. As for the unfair labor practices, the board held that the men were fired not for belonging to the UF but for failing to join the CFAW. It dismissed the complaints. Since there is no appeal from a board decision, the fishermen and the CFAW had their way.

Five days later, in a last flash of defiance, a handful of fishermen and a crowd of supporters shouted slogans from the gallery of the legislature and backed about in the government, being away before the police arrived.

Was it over? Several fishermen thought so, and signed CFAW cards to get back to sea. "It's going to hurt me, but I sign that card," says it. "I did not sign my father's death certificate," one told Edwin Lumsden. "But what the hell else else I do?"

For some of the UF's strongest supporters could not get jobs, either. Acadia's representative, Cuddeback, stated that had ever been a blackbird, but he declared that "Acadia has the right to have who it wants, while it

wants, where it wants. And the boats are fully crewed I admit there are men I wouldn't want back. But Eric Fitzpatrick is strong UF, and I'd like him back, anyone."

Some of the men found fishing jobs elsewhere, others went to Ontario. A good many took the UF's offer to land them on Eric and find them berths in BC. Meanwhile, Acadia Fisheries itself was actually in trouble, looking for a buyer for its plant and trawlers. On July 21, a manuscripted letter informed plant workers that the company had gone into liquidation. A. W. Scudlough, one of Acadia's British directors, blamed "the disastrous financial effort" of the strike, and accused the provincial government for not putting up more money. The government coolly replied that the Boston Group had left the company undercapitalized and badly managed for years. Cuddeback says the Boston Group put four million dollars into Acadia and never took a nickel out. But if Acadia couldn't survive the strike, why didn't it retire? In November the plant at last prepared to reopen under the management of H. R. Nickerson & Sons of North Sydney, subject to a federal grant through the Department of Regional Economic Expansion.

From Milgrave to the hospital in Antigonish is nearly 40 miles. Gail Fitzpatrick's health is still not good, and today she is to have a hernia X-ray. Since the Fitzpatricks can't afford a car, she faces a \$12 taxi ride. But I have a car and things to do in Antigonish, so we drive in together. The doctor has dressed her according to, and she looks "right on." All the while, she seems her usual outgoing and cheerful self. She needs a new washer, but the Fitzpatricks won't have any credit in Port Hawkesbury until Eric's money comes

in. Meanwhile, don't say to get a job.

The strike was the last thing that ever happened, she says. It brought people together, showed them how they really worked, and made them feel they could do something about it. She says that if they have to move to BC, why they'll have to, that's all but she wouldn't want to. Her family and Eric's are in Miramichi, and so are all her friends. A Port Hawkesbury firm plans to build some new houses you could get on a low down payment, and maybe — "A house of our own," she says. "New there'd be something. Or one of them big trailers — I'd love to get one of them."

"If you're going to fish, this is the only place to fish," Eric says, standing on a Vancouver dock. "You got so many opportunities for to make a dollar, you know?" He thinks of taking the whole family out this year. He likes BC, and Coast Strait fisheries are working all the time. He wonders what God thinks, and says he thought of showing a couple of times, but didn't want to run up the bill.

"I am the kids an awful lot," he says wistfully. "I see kids sometimes, and I start to feel lonely then. I think about home so much, you know — I suppose because she's the youngest in the family. I think of her smile and then I'd give anything, you know —" His voice trails off.

But he doesn't regret the strike. "When I tell some people I'd do it again they say, Oh no, Eric, you wouldn't — but I would, because of what I learned through the strike. And standing up for something you believe in, and standing by it — this is one thing I'm happy about. During the strike I had used to say, 'I know what's wrong but you're standing up for something you believe in.' I got to give her a lot of credit."

"I don't think anybody can argue we lost, because we got bargaining rights, and the only place in North America where the law gives bargaining rights to fishermen is in Nova Scotia today. I guess a lot of things went on in that strike that'll go down in history and be talked about for years to come. It puts me in a kind of bad position, but I don't regret it, and I'd do it again."

"There's another thing I took into consideration," and Eric, posing for a moment. "I think that when the kids grow up, they'd like to figure that their father stood up for something he believed in. I figured sometime the kids would say, 'Well, Christ, my old man stood up for something he believed in, and now so maybe I'll do the same.'"

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FLORIDA WITHOUT TINSEL

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Rather, a scrubby, breezy, sandy place of empty beaches and pink rain clouds five miles high.

Whenever I mention going to Florida, some people look at me as if I'm the typeform of vulgar tourist and ask me how I can stand that crowded place with those gay hotels and women wearing tank tops at 90 in the shade, and it always takes me by surprise, because my Florida is a scrubby, buggy, sandy place of empty beaches, corksorks, pink tan clouds five miles high and the smell of burning palmfruits scrub, orange blossoms and sea water.

[illegible]

Most of the Florida shore is wild. Seeds of my place is a 30-mph storm surge that can be driven only by some vehicle like a jeep or dune buggy. There's just a touch of salt water through the pelicans scrub. The beach is utterly unspoiled and disappears into the forest in both directions. There are great flocks of shore birds, gulls, cormorants and royal terns. There are great blue herons with wingspans of over six feet, and big brown-and-blue ash-throated birds called anhingas. When you see a pelican in the high grass and all that solitude it makes you jump. It looks like a little nest with a round brown head sticking out of a hole.

There's a hot, dirty, secret world between the dunes near my place where I like to sit now and then and

build a fire and just sit in the hot sun among the cactus and Spanish bayonet, feeling like a lizard. Occasionally a gopher tamine bounds through the dry grass and at night the owl pulls in its head with a sound of escaping air, like a leak in an air mattress. A bride of palmato froed, vibrating in a brief current of air, telegraphs some distant planet, and I get the feeling that everything is waiting patiently for the human phase of creation to close to an end.

[illegible]

One of the more parts of any Florida is 100 miles of pinelands south of Kissimmee, where, where the groves of pines cover up, you can see across the flat land to distant, isolated red-tiled palaces on the horizon like tiny question marks against the sky. This is cattle country — Yborcas Junction and Hobe Sound and Greenhollow — where you can drive our cars the ranges and be in the meadows and tall to a ranch hand, who is delighted to meet someone who found his way out of the State Source Hotel. Florida is Florida among the cattle raising areas. Freshman are among the most com-

cowbird breeds, partly because those days and dropping ears give them extra air-cooling for the hot Florida summers, and partly because they can wriggle their skins and shake fluff all. Florida is blessed as a range cattle state. The cattle roam ranges of 30,000 acres and more which, although now fenced, include rugged bush country. Some of the range cattle still show traces of the breeds brought to the mainland by the Spanish explorers and left to roam the land.

give ranch workers in Florida still have to use horns to herd cattle in the territory. Being a cowboy in Florida doesn't mean being in their business, it means being an essential node, like olanzapine.

In Florida the life of birds and animals runs, oddly unscripted, parallel to the life of man. One night when I came out of a movie, the cry of a whippoorwill, coming from somewhere over by the Public Supermarket, evoked a mysterious swampy night rising over a shadowy glade, the dark, misty, and moonlit woods at lake At. In distant hamlets and swamps, boat-staked prickles drop from the rustling mangrove palms to the loam of your cat, and around a lot in the lagoon, and look through the windshield watching you eat. Boat parts pull drift with the sand over beach highways and neon paint again. There's a little boy at the end of the driveway onto the highway while I can't see him. A white truck is parked, representing the total flaking with that notion of all stinking things, put the necessary parts moving. Down by the sea's edge at a hot spring Soudan-

where they branch bloomers for the day with loose, bushy umbellifer, flowers and earlobes and the ocean breeze is fragrant with similar lemon, the bright colorful clams called cognate suddenly appear like a rug, then disappear abruptly, each one leaving gaps into the sand between one wave and the next. Puffy feet from where gribbels in bloom are gossamer on their backs on the beach of ears, like bouillabaisse victims dropped from a 15-story building in Monaco, a flock of sandpecks, reflected in the wet strip of sand left by a wave, races along the sandflats looking as if someone broke



LOUGHREED continued

met the second band at the top of the clock, leered in gobs and reproach his on-camera technique (for his last, five-minute election message to the people in August, Loughreid ran through five tapes in 90 sec with the right mix of spontaneous sincerity).

TV was Loughreid's medium, and long before the 1971 election he had taken the key decision to devote 85% of the party's advertising kitty to the tube. By the end of May, before the election wars had even been raised, four-fifths of the Conservative campaign had been rehearsed, shot, taped and canned. Most of the \$62,570 the Tories spent for TV time went in an segment of a 15-minute film, *Ferris Loughreid Now*, produced (for an astronomical \$30,000) by Perry Rosemond, a former CBC man now working as a free lance in Los Angeles on documentaries for the Nixon administration. Rosemond's film is full of close-ups of Loughreid, with his family, with farmers, workers and businessmen. It is not a political film at all, but a personal statement, in which Loughreid says things like, "You've got to love it here," and puts himself over the heart. Much of the film consists of questions to which Loughreid gives what seem to be off-the-cuff answers, answers that were worked out in two long taping sessions with

Rosemond and a group of advisers. *Ferris Loughreid Now* presents a warm, intelligent and concerned man, and if it's just a teeny bit contrived, well, hell, that's slow but. Over Anderson, executive assistant to former Social Premier Nancy Strom, called Loughreid's use of television "brilliant, simply brilliant," and there is no doubt the people of Alberta bought the product advertised.

Loughreid consistently campaigned as an up-to-date replacement for the province's former strong man, Ernest Manning (he made an early speech in praise of Manning that had the old Social chieftain sporting with scorn), and he used television much as Manning and his mentor, William Aberhart, used radio in an earlier era. Significantly, the only area the Tories were unable to penetrate in their sweep to victory was the stratch south of Calgary, a rural area where electronics never ran close.

Loughreid will make shaved ice at the victory so cleanly carried. Albertans can expect four years of social experimentation; there may be no great forward leaps, but there should be an astounding either. The premier regards himself as a conservative only in economics. "On social issues, I regard myself as left-leaning," but he's pretty vague about what that means in terms

of legislation; he had no quarrel with the right-of-center sound taken by the Socials, only with its implementation, which he thought lacked efficiency. "For example, I don't think highway maintenance should be done by the government; that's something private enterprise can do far better." He is disturbed by the unequal distribution of wealth in his province — "Did you know that 49% of Alberta farmers earn under \$2,000 a year net income?" — but he rejects the notion of a guaranteed annual income. "My views are fairly close to President Nixon's proposals in the U.S., where you help the working poor but provide incentives to get off welfare."

Nor will there be any takeovers from Loughreid at federal-provincial meetings, although he will be a smooth and determined advocate for Alberta's views. One of his first moves after the election was Saskatchewan Premier Allan Rockway, who would like the Alberta government to join the NDP government of Manitoba and Saskatchewan in pressing Ottawa for a new farm policy. Loughreid was polite but noncommittal, his own farm policy is far from firm (the Conservative campaign pamphlet cited only "a recognition that agriculture is a basic industry of the province, and that the general prosperity is significantly dependent upon it"), and he wants to keep a free hand to deal for the diversified industrial development Alberta needs, in direct competition with the other Prairie provinces.

Loughreid has also kept himself clear of any commitment to the federal Conservatives — "We planned from the beginning to run our own money and run our own show." The federal party contributed little to the Alberta campaign, and Loughreid will return the favor in the next federal election. There is some doubt whether he could deliver a pro-Stronkie vote in Alberta even if he wanted to, and it's far from certain that he wants to.

Over the next four years, then, look for a smoothly functioning Conservative government in Alberta, a savings, but never peaking, provincial presence at federal-provincial talkshows (Loughreid is anxious to help national unity any way he can, but he doesn't think much of the Official Languages Act — "If the idea is to make the French comfortable, you can't do it by legislation" — and favors instead "wise student exchanges, that kind of thing") and, along about 1975, the opening of a Loughreid-for-leader movement in federal Conservative ranks, a spontaneous upwelling that may be — who knows? — already in the planning. ■

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In some other men, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

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AT BETTER SMOKE SHOPS

CLASS OF '56 continued

Waterloo and her husband was teaching at the university. She told me that he'd had a good job in Montreal at Deane or somewhere. Then he woke her up one morning and said, "Listen, I've got something important to tell you and she thought, 'Oh Lord, he's going to leave me with all these little children!' But it turned out that he couldn't back the corporate life and was going back to graduate school."

The perfect became clearer and when the class secretary lost a bundle of questionnaires that We STE had filled out in response to a mailing asking for personal news for an alumni bulletin. The list showed that of the 278 people who'd been in the class 210 were living in Ontario (many still lived in that in Toronto), eight in Quebec, 11 in the West, five in the Maritime and 21 in the U.S.A., on stretch with names like Country Club Drive, Wynona Lane and Spring Garden Road.

Thirteen were abroad in Spain, Malaysia, Ethiopia, Jamaica, Nigeria, England and France, working for the government, the church and IBM. No one was in jail and no one was famous.

"Whatever happened to that guy who used to struggle girls into his room in Middle House for overnights and was going to woo the Canadian girl?" "Last time I heard, he was editing news at the CBC." One man was a political commentator on television, another was director of a hospital, another was a Rhodes scholar, another was back at the college teaching and a fourth was working on the American space program in Houston. Most of the girls were married, about a fifth of these also had jobs and the rest were concerned with worthy projects (the symphony, the public library board, the Indian-Eskimo Association, the Open House), and, as one of them wrote in a well-defended letter, "with being the mother of four and all that implies." Nobody mentioned di-

verses, psychotherapy, women's rights, anti-Semitism, economic nationalism, or the horrors that loomed in the afternoon. But then there wasn't much room on the form.

I don't know what anybody else got out of Homecoming. I ended it feeling cold and curiously young, with some other the result of all that remembering or of seeing at one of the renews functions a lady who'd graduated in 1931. Just before I left the campus to catch a plane to go to Ottawa, I was standing with a friend on the walkway outside Hart House when a group of students came by in a blur of streaming capes and laughter, sounding like we'd reunited in 1951 but looking infinitely better. (Any group of 19-year-old girls in long hair and eye glasses looks better than any group of 19-year-old girls in short curls and thick lipstick, and as far as my way at a French renews conference twelve-year-olds are in a bracket, you just can't compare.)

My friend looked after them as they passed and then asked silently, "Do you ever wish you was one of them?" I said, sure, quickly, but I kept thinking about that sweater all the way to the airport in a taxi in the dark, and by the end of the ride I changed it to "well, not really."

For a lot of good — if definable — reasons, feminism has demanded that the university be elevated, critical and evolved, and its spinners in an isolated community of scholars is gone forever now: students are hurried by overcrowding, by professors who can't remember their faces because they sit in classrooms with 300 others, by fears that they won't get jobs, etc. And for our other good — but not definable — reason:

If you become what you've befuddled you can't be part of what you've befuddled. Then time is different down our lane. When we befoiled was very special in its way and what we are we're still becoming. ■



BERGMAN from page 21

film in recent years but there isn't a single director of note whose career is not in a quandary."

I had her several photographs. "I've been looking for Bergman," I said, but she

seems by her face quite happily. "In Canada," I said, "the complete lack of Bergman's legendary search for an honest man."

For seven hours we strolled by hand up the Saguenay. Paul Almou, Conservative, and his biographer, five-year-old son Matthew, so bright and handsome a child you realize immediately what a better world we'd be living in if people had more attention to perfection. Louis Evans, Liberal, English teacher at Bishop's College in Lennoxville, is the owner of the boat, a 29-foot cedar skiff named Anne de la Saguenay. Every summer for more than 40 years Evans has returned to Tadoussac. He knows the river's currents and the weather's moods. When he visits a cousin's house, Paul Almou, comes to his back, peering up the 300-foot cliffs on either side of the river, searching for locations for the final sequence of his new film, tentatively titled *Love's No Boatman* (or *There's no sign of human life on the land. A white surface 50 yards from our craft*).

"Cliffs of age-old granite, grazed with pine, pocked and scored by the centuries, steep out of dense, blue water and shrouded by *Bienvenue dans le paradis, maintenant, la powerful river flows on. At her wide eye focus, the girl, short, married, long falling across her face, wears her white dress around the shoulder of a floating tree on which body of the half of the water, asked: She clings to the island torn as it flows down the narrow current."*

The opening image in Almou's screenplay for *Love's No Boatman* is called Saguenay, portrayed by Genevieve Bujold, who is rescued by Bergman, played by Yves Desjardins, and taken to the small community on the floating archipelago where he lives. The shooting schedule has placed the scene last. Certain sections of the Saguenay are worn enough to swim in during the summer, but now the river is bracingly cold, and the currents treacherous.

"For you Paul — anything? Genevieve walks out, dipping a leg gingerly into the water and shuddering. She will spend several hours in the water before the shooting is completed. There are many actresses who would resist that each work he does by a

double. But *Amour* is a personal film and Bujold takes the risk here. "What films of mine have you seen?" she asks. *King Of Hearts*, *La Guerre Et L'Amour*, *Act Of The Heart*, I reply. "I haven't seen *Love Of The Thousand Days*." "That's all right," she replies quickly. "You didn't miss anything." And I haven't seen the early one *Amour Perilleux*. Nor the latest one *The Trojan Women*. She smiles. "You don't just about everything I've done. Did you like my eye of them?"

"*King Of Hearts*?" I begin. "Really? People often say they liked that one, but most films I do see a disappointment to me. They're not what I expected."

"*La Guerre Et L'Amour* has dated a great deal since 1966." I continue, but I saw it recently again and you're clearly the best thing in it."

No one is more critical of Genevieve Bujold than herself. She doesn't believe in her own success, and so, in some films as most actors do, pretending to be surprised that they have any talent. "I'm glad you liked that

"If *Amour* is a flop," says Almou, "it might be the end of me as a film director."

one," the remark straightforwardly. "I was somewhat indifferent to *Amour*," I tell her. "It may have been the film's fault, or maybe it was my fault. Sometimes a critic says a film at the wrong period in his life, and though critics can sometimes have very different opinions on the film itself there can be dozens of private reasons that form his or her response. I think *Act Of The Heart* is a very different movie. There are moments in it that I still remember with me and even recent New York Times critic Vincent Canby said of it, 'It possesses an intelligence all too rare in this noisy racket; maybe in neither age it will be rediscovered and appreciated.'"

"I like working with Paul," she replies. "I have complete confidence in him. He's often offered roles that are completely unavailable. Joseph Losey offered me the part — I don't know the character's name — played by Isabelle Charnay in *The Galsworthys*. I could have done it, though I'd never work with Losey, it would be such a challenge, he's such a woman-bater. I'm not kidding, he hates them. It was the wrong time, and the wrong sort of role for me. I'm going to make a film

next with Patrick Wymann, and then *Kanawake*, based on Anne Hébert's novel, for Claude Truhot. Claude's an old friend and I've wanted to make a film with him for some time. "Do you work for David Hopfield Communications?" I ask. She repeats the thought. "Right now, the best film for me are here. It has nothing to do with helping anyone. I'm not sure what you mean."

"Wouldn't a director possibly find it easier to move away from a film if you gave it an R?" I ask.

"That's completely untrue," she replies laughing. "You should talk to Paul about the problems he's been getting money for this one. The CBC [Canadian Broadcasting Corporation] and yes, so, maybe, so — I don't know how many times it was on and all. Now it's done, that's the important thing, and I think it's the best film. I've come to that."

After being rescued from the river and brought to the settlement, Saguenay saves herself by a fire. She then delivers the longest speech in the film. Genevieve delivers the speech at last. "It's impossible to play," she protests. She looks at her own face and there and then assumes a transverse stare. Through silent posing and intonation she makes the speech come to life. Every word sounds like the fragment of an oasis.

"There! Give that, use it!" Perfect! Paul Almou, about 100 feet from the bow of the boat. He has a battered conference with the cameraman Jean Bédard. Louis Evans notes the location in his log. "Perfect place for her to be rescued," Almou says. But a man crew member points out that the drift, a massive sheet of stone, probably can't be climbed. "Nonsense," replies Almou, and writes minutes the 40-year-old disaster has scurried up the rock, and vomits his tears from the top. "The trouble is," he says, "I've seen some of those women sailors from Wampy. Well, I'll try it anyway."

A good film requires not just talent ideas but great amounts of money. There are so many different possibilities in making a film, as every director has to be given situation, if a psychological film for a director to release in control. Canadian film directors have technical and artistic problems as directors everywhere do, but they have as additional set of problems that most even our best minds at the end of the film.

"If *Amour* is a flop I don't know what I'll do," Almou says. "It may be the end of me as a film director. Paramount says I can't go to make a profit. Universal says *Act Of The*

continued on page 54

BY THEIR TRASH SHALL YE KNOW THEM

BY DEREK REST

Into the garbage cans of Lloyd Robertson, Mei Watkins, John Diefenbaker, George Chuvalo, Kate Reid and Irving Layton

Outside Bob Dylan's New York City home, in the gray half-light of dawn, a man steadily transfers sticks from a trash can into a green plastic garbage bag. When his task is complete, he ladders away, clanking the bag to his breast, until he is lost and gone in the narrow maze ways of Greenwich Village. A man searching for something subtle? A bootleg publisher looking for some of the censored material from *Tapeheads*? A fan in search of a memento? No to all of these. It is none other than A. J. Weberman, the world's only Dylanologist at A. J. Weberman, creator of a cult, student of Bob Dylan's private life, someone teacher of Dylanology at New York's Free University. And he does it all with trash.

You are a famous person, right? You are, in fact, so very famous that you have to take extreme care over what you make known about yourself—and what you keep private. It's not easy life as a constant round of interviews, talk shows, public appearances, product endorsements and idiosyncratic thin-wearing sessions, hoping for a piece of your body. The public comes to know what you eat for breakfast, what you read, what car you drive, who you take out for dinner, and more. It seems there are only two things the world doesn't know: One is what goes on inside your head—the press can't get at that. Yet the other is what you throw in the garbage, all those awkward, private, disquiet little things that want money to be destroyed forever, tossed back into the good rich earth.

Eliot Weinerman

Dylan was obliged eventually to hire a private garbage collection service to whisk away his effluent before Webberman could get his insatiably curious hands on them. It was getting ridiculous, the man was

bringing whole classes of students over to roost around Dylan's garbage and discussing its possible meanings right there on the sidewalk outside Dylan's home.

It's an altar world. What if Webermann cringed on? We can postulate the existence of a new branch of post-agony, whose job it would be to ensure that a client's garbage projected the right sort of image. Dozens of eager customers of the finest quality brand-name products. Little notes like, "I love you madly, any day!" with the ends torn off to make it look as if the name were missing. Empty prescription pill bottles with indecipherable labels, the client suffers from some mysterious illness about which he briefly says nothing in public. Dozens of cheap umbrellas, with etched large animals visible but all other details missing. Some cancer, a couple of half-empty champagne bottles and a well-thrashed copy of *Good and Beautiful*. An address book with phony names and a few unrefined business letters beginning, "Dear Aristotle" or "Dear Pierce." A couple of soiled dollar bills, some forged receipts from top clothing, a sprigling of (false) jewelry, correspondence from the Pope. Toss lightly and turn out into a gravel garbage can.

But spare us Wehrmann's There is little enough sanity in the world without people poring through other people's garbage in the idiotic belief that you are what you throw away. What you are about to read, then, is a rare and wonderful thing: the destruction by forced growth of an undesirable fad in advance. Preventive journalism. This is your first and, with any luck, your last opportunity to examine the garbage of six famous Canadians. It took two and a half months to collect (give Wehrmann that, stealing garbage isn't easy) and, as you will see, it wasn't worth it.



LLOYD ROBERTSON
Neuroscientist

1. Miscellaneous children's artwork 2. Instructions to "Dad" from "Nancy" 3. Empty film box 4. Film reeling strapings 5. Matchbox and two burnt matches 6. One piece of rock 7. One pink cone 8. One turn page of a French lesson 9. One empty container of vitamin pills 10. One empty package of toothpaste, Crest 11. One bill for shoes, \$3.96 12. One package for watch, Tamek electric: \$59.95 13. Two leaves from one of surrealisms.

Wahyuni is a strong family man, though occasionally it can be demanding (Item 2). It is sentimental — likes to take photographs (probably of family), and isn't keen to throw away spent matches. Nutsu loves Items 6 and 7. Cautious, guarding against the day when the civil service will require new CSC recruits to be bilingual, he studies Pattach (Item 6). To keep a healthy body he takes vitamin pills. Works at his 20th to 65th health smile (Item 10). Item 12 could have caused noticeable visible in subject's wrist during recruitment, while Item 11 might be a receipt for his (his visible) shoes. Subject has dark glasses, perhaps to avoid being recognized in public, but he removes the lenses, not wanting to appear affected by wearing shades indoors.



MEL WATKINS
Economist

1. One posted order form for "A Tribute To Young Douglas".
2. One copy of "The World News." 3. One copy "Mystery Magazine." 4. One copy "Guns" magazine. 5. Two copies "Anastasia" magazine. 6. One advertisement and order for "The Book Of Jim." 7. One chapter slip. Cardfile: The Lake Parkmen Ottawa, \$23.26 (two dollar tip). 8. One previous Newby stick, plastic, bearing words "World Uffman." 9. Two parking tickets. 10. One strip of material resembling hair of woman's slip. 11. One lock of hair, brown. 12. One telephone number.

Subject shows mild obsessional ideas, having inadvertently ascribed causes for Tommy Douglas' back to use to date the internal politics of the New Democratic Party (Item 2) and stating well read in a surprising variety of other subjects (Items 3 through 6). Item 7 demonstrates that even socialism to eat well when out the top, you'll notice, is less than 30%, while Item 8 indicates the subject likes to start the day with a bowl of Corn Flakes. A courteous exchange of favors is evident in items 10 and 11, he shortens his wife's slips and she cuts his hair. Item 12 is a second number.



JOHN DIEFENBAKER
Member of Parliament



GEORGE CHUVALO
Baker

1. One empty jar grape jam. Laura Secord. 2. One empty jar black raspberry jam. E. O. Smith. 3. Four tinfoil wrapping papers, McCormick's Gold Seal. 4. One empty can Pacific pink salmon, Clover Leaf. 5. One empty bottle vitamin supplement, Infanter Plus. 6. One magazine mailing envelope, Chatelaine. 7. One meat bone, small, thoroughly cleaned. 8. One banana skin, Chiquita.

Subject clearly has well-developed sweet tooth (items 1, 2 and 3) but is conservative enough to make need for protein (item 4) and vitamins (item 5). The material confirms subject's strong Canadian nationalism (items 1 through 6 all made and/or packaged in Canada; item 7 in advanced state of rustification, rendering country of origin impossible to identify; suggests presence of small dog in carp. Ave. line 8, one banana skin, is not a Canadian product — but it's not an American product either).

1. One hockey puck. 2. One roll film, developed, 35mm. 3. Two pieces leather, uncolored. 4. Two paint cans. 5. One package sausage, half empty. 6. One bottle liquid sugar substitute, half empty. 7. Two cans cocoa, Fry's, empty. 8. One carton honey grits, Quaker, full. 9. One book, "Ecstasy And Me," by Betty Lerner. 10. One electric razor, Braun, in case, without cord. 11. Two empty tin shoe polish, brown and black. 12. One flashlight, with batteries. 13. One card, purple, bearing number "3". 14. One card, white, bearing words "This will introduce — Draft Design."

Subject shows great versatility. Apart from baking, appears to be interested in hockey, photography, Italian cooking and interior decorating. In addition, keeps acids, doesn't like hairy substitutes, likes cocoa, hates honey grits. Interested in wartime mailings (item 5), may be growing a beard (item 12), may wear odd shoes (item 13), can see in the dark (item 12), thinks the number "3" is unlucky, and doesn't know any draft dodgers to whom he could give item 14.



KATE REID
Actress

1. Three empty cans of Diet 7-Up. 2. Tap from bottle of apple juice. 3. Top and cap from bottle of 2% milk. 4. Two used tea bags. 5. One individual package of ramen bars, Kellogg's. 6. One empty cigarette package, Benson and Hedges 100s. 7. One empty cigarette package, Benson and Hedges 100s. 8. One matchbook. 9. Numerous (over) matches. 10. One package with label — "8 mixed nuts, 2lb." 11. One dead flower. 12. One cigarette case.

Subject carefully maintains vigilance against too much heavy food. Observe item 1, an obvious first stop toward a cigarette diet. Likewise item 3, with added vitamins. Subject drinks only 2% milk, even adding it, perhaps, to her tea (item 4). Plainly a devotee of healthy foods, she eats really lean, which, as everybody knows, contains iron. Smokes brand of cigarettes cheerfully and theoretically long and sleek (item 6). Does not use a cigarette lighter (items 7 and 8). Is a thrifty shopper (item 9). It isn't just in the movies that people are always sending address flowers (item 10). Her own eccentricity she plants here in her garbage can (item 11).



IRVING LAYTON
Poet

1. One shopping bag, souvenir of "British Week". 2. One empty can of motor oil. 3. One eight-foot length of greasy rope. 4. One small loop of cord, knotted. 5. One punctured softball. 6. One attempted repair made with. 7. One adhesive bandage. 8. One package of Lescage crystals. 9. One empty hairbrush. 10. One package of apple juice crystals. 11. One plastic baby feeder bottle top.

Clearly, in item 1, we have discovered the object which inspired the well-known poem "Anglo-Canadian." Subject shows surprising interest in automobiles; hence item 2. Obviously used in his car and item 3, perhaps a tow-rope for the car to check the fuel gauge, hence item 4. A knot to pull around his finger. Subject is in good physical health — plays softball (item 5). Also has working knowledge of first aid (item 6). Gets plenty of vitamin drinks to stave off the Canadian winter (items 7 and 8), and experiments — for a poet, experience is everything — with different ways of drinking them (item 9).

never met well. The Canadian Film Development Corporation was extremely reluctant to invest any funds in *Johnny*. They said it wasn't commercial enough. I paid every cent I had into it. I negotiated with the CPBC for months and, finally, they agreed to put up around \$350,000. Everyone working on the film swears now that they actually would just to help me out a little.

"Film makers in Canada aren't free to make films. We're all engaged in avoiding dangerous situations. Some men go to Hollywood. Some go into studios. Many are forced out of the business altogether. The CPBC has been undeniably helpful in getting more Canadian features made. Two years ago it was virtually impossible to make a feature film here. Now it's possible, but extremely agonizing. Like the girl who gets all dressed up and has nowhere to go, we make films but are hard pressed to get them exhibited in good theaters, with proper promotion, at good times of the year. The theatres — it's no secret — are largely American-owned, or British-owned, and Canadian films get shown in a role only when there is a lack of foreign product."

With new productions being announced every month — Eric's *Tell A Fool's Tale* and *The Silent Village*; Gordon Stagg's *Dead's Man's Foot*; Don McIntyre's *Conrad's Girl*; Timothy Bond's *Step*; Mike Tully's *Another Strike For Paradise*; Jack Cunningham's *Up Evil* — it may appear that Canadian film production has never been more optimistic. More than 150 million feet of

film (16 mm and 35 mm) was produced in 1978. Some 50 features are currently in production. But losses have occurred before. The first Canadian Canadian feature made in 1914 with the release of *Evangelina*, produced by the Canadian Bioscope Company in Halifax. The same year saw the production in Montreal of *The Battle Of The Long Sault* and by 1917 *The Forerunner* was completed in Winnipeg. The American-born Royce Platerby who moved to Canada when he was 10 completed the famous *Shadows Of The North* in 1922. Ernest Stoppa made *Queen Of The Royal Mounted* in Alberta, and in 1932 made two films in Ottawa based on Ralph Connor's *Glengarry Glen Ross*. The biggest disaster of the early period occurred with Bruce Mitchell's *Carey On Jefferies*. It was riddled with disputes during its production, and its budget climbed to \$500,000, only to find empty houses upon release. Talkies were the rage, and *Carey On Jefferies* — among its many deficiencies — was a silent film.

From this point Canadian films fell into a slough of despond, and economic control of the medium was sold to Americans and British interests.

A Canadian film maker is forced to decide early in his career to endure these special difficulties, or sell out. He can sell out by moving out. Sidney Place was bankrupt trying to make films in Canada in the late 1940s, but didn't succeed until he moved to Hollywood and made *The Lovers Boys* and *The Spy Who Came From The Cold*. *Johnny* was moved to Hollywood and did Doris Day comedies. His latest film *Publicer On The Roof* and a proposed

film version of *Jesus Christ Superstar* indicate that his taste is that of a self-satisfied hawk. The loss to the Canadian film industry of such men may be excused. They are not artists, merely competent craftsmen. More important is the attempt by Canadian film directors to imitate American films. John Tremblay's *Johnny Was Blind* in Ontario but he called it *Wavelength*, and it told a lame tale about a drab dodger. Don Holden's *The Renaissance* was a tragedy about a man who refused to leave his home in Ontario, and it was a disaster. *The Young Lady At The Window*, *The Coward*, *Jesus*, *Harvey*, *George's Fortune And Mine's Eyes*, *George McGovern's Face-Off*, we have reached a new stage in Canadian films in the name of "creativity": all returned to Canadian society has been expensed.

Second-rate made — having little resistance, no distinctive voice or vision of their own — are more easily dominated by American mass culture. Canadian artists are imbued with a sense of place and social awareness. No one among Claude Jutra's *Moe*, *Occle Antoine* could mistake it for something made in Hollywood, England or Italy. "Michael's was first to give the film magazine," Jutra comments, "but I've watched the magazine pass and nothing has happened with the film. Then in October it was right through at the Canadian Film Awards. But the film didn't open anywhere until November."

Claude Jutra's most ambitious project *Kawaratchu* which he and author Anne Hébert are preparing to shoot this year, should establish him firmly in one of the most talented directors working in films today. It won't however necessarily ensure that his films will be widely shown.

"There is so little being done that could be done," Jutra says. "The CBC could have a special series of Canadian films. It could be national in scope, free, or regional on late shows. They could show dozens of films and shorts that have never had much distribution. They could either print them or the Canadian Film Archives of the early shorts and films. But they're too busy trying to outbid CTV in paying in *Laugh-In*. We could institute a quota system for Canadian films. I don't know precisely how, but we've got to gain some control over themselves in Canada, and not leave programming decisions to some mogul in Hollywood or New York."

Allan King, the director of *Warrendale* and *A Married Couple*, plans to distribute his new film *Corner On The Clock* himself. "The main problem that

continued on page 66

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What you see is a history of the Tower of London, the last, the best and the most violent of the country's power and the country's power. The great works of art and the last, the best and the most violent of the country's power and the country's power.

BERGMAN

A Canadian film maker has a growing reputation as the premier rising when his film is a success. If your film is distributed by an American firm, they keep adding costs against distribution and taking money away, so that the producer and the director end up with very little, sometimes nothing. I'm sympathetic to the demand for a quota system, but dubious about its benefits. Currently there is also a call for state-supported theaters, but that too has been rejected and not unanimously helped. At present the Canadian film industry is being run by Americans. It's a purely narrative process, and the best change that could occur would be a quota system that would allow Canadian film. England, France and Sweden among others do this and it greatly aids native film production."

In May, 1971, the Standing Committee on Broadcasting, Films and Amusements to the House of Commons members of the Canadian Film Development Corporation, Michael Spencer and Graham Gillies, to discuss the current position in Canadian film industry. Gillies, given evidence from film association in Canada, testified \$115,000,000.

When asked by Conservative member David MacDonald, MP for Edmonton, what percentage of the gross revenue from the film industry goes to ownership of theatres by Famous Players and Odette, Mr. Spencer replied, "80%, it must be between 70% and 80% anyway. The Canadian market is considered to be 10% of the North American market, and 15% of the world market for any motion picture."

Peter Moore, *curator of the Canadian Film Archives in Ottawa*, said, "The Canadian film industry became what is called a 'protected industry' through sales to American companies. Here a theatre, here a small distribution company, here a small chain of theatres. No one protected. No one thought much about it. It was a market. We must look back to today, only to find that for 20 years, only to wake up one morning realizing it's no trap."

Manfred McLaughlin, once commented on his most lackluster review that both his and critics (the target) that Quebec is the only barrier against American culture that Canada has, yet the film industry in Quebec runs to two extremes — the Cuzco, film-film "rock in Love Is A Fever" (French, Pils, 1968) and "Love And Laughing" — and the parochial "chamber film" such as the work of Jean-Pierre L'Esperance (*Q-See*), *Les Mots*, *Les Mots* (Savoyard), and *Gilles Gauthier* (*Entre Ton Frère*, and

L'Amie, L'Amie by Michel Brault). The first group of films is to American oriented that it is hardly surprising to learn that Cuzco (who built their company through films) received its by the CFDC recently self controlling system to an American firm. The second group is concerned on such a narrow political and cultural viewpoint that they are not accessible to English-speaking Canada (and barely accessible even to the French). Quebec, across the province of Gilles Gauthier (*Repe*) of *A Street Young Girl, Red*, and the recently mentioned *Les Mots* which unfortunately has no English version available yet) and Claude Gauthier. *Repe* is the only film maker in Canada who releases his work in French and English version of his films. English-speaking cinema in Canada consists mainly of French, which after a long gap, has been to 16-mm student film (*The Dark, Invisible, Survival*) and television documentaries (*Justice's Choice*, *Summer Of Love*, *Good Times*, *Repe*).

The Canadian film industry is being mined by Americans, it's a purely attractive process

There achieved recognition with *Good Times*, *Repe*, and *Alma King*, whose new film *Clara On Children* is probably a definitive portrait of the late-Sixties early-Seventies international youth culture and its impact upon Canadian. It is the last tape for a granville rapidly passing into adulthood, a moving, melancholy film about opportunities forfeited and lives wasted. From one year to the next there was a lot of showery, perhaps even the joy and disappointment in the story of Canadian cinema. But our artists are the only ones who matter. They are few in number, they receive little encouragement, but they endure.

The true test is across with paper and photographs. We've been talking for two years. The site is bright and clear. The landmarks outside the window are a lot of autumnal red. The continents are hidden, waiting to have their names mapped by the weight of water.

"You said you were looking for something. Did you find it?" my companion asks. She takes a last sip of her Irish Mist.

There's no safe route. As the 1971 Canadian Film Awards it was clear that our film industry has become dominated by second-rate made, various means interested only in making money — and most have no room for other considerations. The awards were given mainly to independent film producers by Claude Jutra, Charles Mackay and Graeme Ferguson. CFDC-headed firms were virtually ignored. Were the government to establish a cut on all foreign films, or if the government were to free the existing entertainment tax for new Canadian productions, a would be considerable loss to any agency such as the Canadian Film Awards jury to annually award the best of the most of the film makers. In that way, whatever policy the CFDC has, there would be a counterbalancing group able to help film directors. They would judge films by a different set of standards. The CFDC would have to change Jutra, Graeme Ferguson and Allan King have difficulty saving funds for new films than three nearly set a film industry in Canada worth having. All will see in one price of shipping up, production and financing capital, after another.

"The looking for Canadian artists who are exemplary," I say. "Not the subjects. Not the ones willing to crush their own. I'm looking for the ones that will let us learn artists developing in Canada. There are many film makers and others in Canada who treat the question of 'nationalism' with disdain. But, inevitably, it is the question of nationalism that the depression. The not hitting about flag-waving films. On one with a sound track of Ontario-Ed D. W. Griffith was steeped in the values and language of early America. Sergei Eisenstein loved his Russian cinema and its people passionately. It shows in their films."

"Eisenstein was undoubtedly Canada's greatest filmmaker," says Peter Burt, but he'd cover someone to make a film about Italy. For Luis Buñuel, Spain has provided the wellspring of his work though he lived in exile for several years, is the best friend for Japan. Japan is a revolutionary film. For Vladimir Nabokov, was an irreparable loss to our nation and reputation. "Nationalism" isn't some granulation, political quality which we used to art before it will be completely. Part of any great artist's work is to live in the world he lives in and his love and hate for all that he sees trespassing in that land."

There is a long silence between us. She stares out the window. We fall back into repetitive silences. ■

MY CANADA

besides knowing what's good for other people (which unduly is something unpleasant), is driving ourselves insane. Maybe the rest has something to do with the other.

A careful, conservative survey of Canadian children was done over a three-year period by a distinguished group called CELDOC, the Commission on Emotional and Learning Disorders in Children. It was reported in 1970, to a severely distressed nation, that we have more than one million children under the age of 19 in need of immediate help if they are to become functioning adults, and that they don't price it. The Prime Minister would see that he was shocked. "One million children?" he asked. The Leader of the Opposition was also shocked, but got the name of the organization wrong.

Children under a million children is obvious because they simply don't believe it. One of the myths of the country, as entrenched as the myth about western hospitality, is that Canadians love their children. They don't.

Back when I had this fantasy about the extent of problems in Canada, I thought we were coming out of the mist. I started meeting these marvelous people all over the country, great teachers, educated doctors, social workers even, many students who sometimes were the old ladies in tennis shoes, sometimes were impeccably groomed and selected. Some of them, sometimes were bawled young girls who brought their babies. They talked of concern and change and making institutions better, and they began to see it though they were beginning to succumb.



So I wasn't prepared for what happened with the War Measures Act, but it was a bit. I didn't expect that the country would be so deluged, so chaotic, so much for a rubber band based on hatred and mistrust. I really thought we had figured out, at last, that the cost of denying any man's life is that your own life becomes a price of risk.

The students demonstrated, of course. Being Canadian, they demonstrated — a few thousand of them at York University — for the War Measures Act. The protest against it at Toronto City Hall was poorly attended, the police took pictures of those who came.

I would have liked it on the night of October 16 if the Prime Minister had used that televised speech to say bold words, these are black days but believe in the strength and goodness of the Canadian people in the line, which is adequate, more than adequate, to round up the criminals. I wouldn't have needed a simple phrase: the sense of God, if you see that, is enough. Maybe he could have said Canadians to shake hands with everyone they meet for a day. That's not safe, that's not blending heart: truthfully, the handshake is to show that you don't hold a weapon; it is a simple, effective way to reduce fear between individuals. It works. Ask the black students and the white.

Indeed, the great Canadian nation, percentage of the different, has been exacerbated. On the beautiful Prairie this summer, a police car drove straight at a hitchhiker. His bag upon the ditch ended his life but he was not hit because. While the United States was excited at the suppression of the New York Times' reports of the Vietnam investigation, a Canadian judge stopped the CBC from airing an account of the Vietnam war, a straightforward report of the troops, and it was a vote to an entertainment column.

In the wish of recognition that has followed the War Measures Act, Canadians have an opportunity to react on a world basis if when we do, which is to hurt people. An international organization, the reported League for the Rights of Man, inspected a Quebec prison and reports that it is "accusations and information." The investigator claims that it is worse than the infamous jails of Algeria, where the letters were sent. So Canada is making a mark for itself, after all.

It's somebody's Canada, I suppose. Maybe it's almost everybody's Canada. My problem is I still can't believe it. ■



PRIME MINISTER HAS GIVEN THE ORDER to resign a new official government spokesman. Word is that it is a 71 Liberal, in some form. Word is that, over, George R. L. Liberal M.L.A. for Halifax, Colquhoun. Who says patronage is dead.

EDITORIAL JOURNALIST: Police. MR. JAY MATHIAS: PICKED A QUANTITY of reporters from the crowd on October 16.

LEADER MARK GUNN: GUN

THE GOOD WILL BEHIND CLOTH (Globe photo). Upper Middle, opened. Was Sunday evening, Sept. 7, 1971, at the home of Mrs. Janet Penny. The men over of the evening was a surprise. Mrs. Janet Penny married by Mrs. Gordon. Lohman served a lovely lunch of sandwiches, pickles and herb salad. Mrs. Penny held the baby cup and napkin and Mrs. Carol Mack the baby. The morning closed with the Lord's Prayer.

THE... (The...)

Due to the holiday Monday all... (The...)

An... (The...)

A 21-year-old MELBROOK was found not guilty of a charge of violent assault on one of his customers. The woman... (The...)

THE HERALD... (The...)

Photos are... (The...)

BOOKS BY DONALD CAMERON

"Nobody's going to like this novel!" said David Lewis Stein, his mouth back. "Even my wife doesn't like it."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'll read you a couple of pages and you'll see why not."

He did. I saw *My Sexual And Other Revelations* (New Press, \$8.95) is audacious, violent, anarchic, wounding and roaring at the violent left as well as the repressive right. You protest in fiction. Stein argues, not by writing about strikes and protest movements — as is Stein's own first novel, *Donkiss Donkiss* — but by satirizing the humanitarian plastic puppets of our lives. A world so easily self-sustaining leads Stein into fantasy and caricature, into a comedy that often becomes juvenile, a too-simple revision of reality's media image. But despite its faults, *My Sexual And Other Revelations* is justified by passionate conviction and curious naivete. Marking the right choice, then most recent attempts at political fiction.

Compare *Les Adams' The Trudine Papers*, for instance (McClelland and Stewart, \$5.95), which his naivete in do with Trudine, but turns on an imagined series of nuclear accidents in northern Canada in the wake of which civil government collapses, the Marston march, and Canada becomes another Vietnam. Like Stein, Adams endures fads undigested both by American aggression and an incoherent combination of the left, but neither Stein nor Adams are given the opportunity of having arbitrarily reversed a violent situation in despair of finding adequate administrative structure in Canada's corrupt politics. The *Trudine Papers* expresses private angst, not public angst.

Something similar exists *The Day Before Tomorrow* (Oxford, \$3.95 cloth, \$2.95 paper), David Reiberg's first novel. A gifted poet (*The Silks Of The Gossamer*) and short-story writer (*The Secrets Of Summer*), Reiberg offers a fairly traditional spy story with something of the flavor of old spy John Le Carré. Though he writes with unusual grace, no sense of agency impedes the story; again one has the feeling that *The Day Before Tomorrow* rather than springing from the imaginative demands of political experience, is the product of a determination to write about politics.

Still, you can hardly give the mordant Stein in *Aunt Hattie* "It's the season to be jolly, as the seasonal rash of humor suggests. The humor of *Donkiss Donkiss* Gregory Clark (McClelland and Stewart, \$7.95) is in the grim more than the satirical, but *Aunt Hattie* (McClelland and Stewart, \$5.95) abounds in Clark's characteristic whimsy. In *We Were One Time* (Faber, Touchstone, \$7.50), Robert Thomas Allen amusingly defends the older generation. *The Unwashed Man* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95) collects numerous Max Ferguson sketches — Farmer, also, in their top-

oil-gusher selling their preserved in gold.

Photo buffs may be pleased by Karsh's new *Four Of Our Time* (University of Toronto Press, \$15) or the joint McClelland and Stewart/National Film Board production, *A Time To Dream* (\$12.95). My own favorite among the year's upstart books is Harold Town's tribute to the movie houses of the past, *Silent Stars, Sound Stars, Film Stars* (McClelland and Stewart, \$16.95). In similarly nostalgic vein, Munroe has reprinted another Karsh's catalogue (*Spring And Summer 1967*, \$4.95) and the 1912 *Official Automobile Road Guide Of Canada* (\$2.95), which includes detailed descriptions of routes in, you guessed it, only Ontario.

If the Canadian part is Aunt Hattie's best, *Years And Years Ago* by Robert MacDonnell (Bantam, \$12.95) may belong in her stocking. It opens with the origins of the creek and roads with the coming of the Europeans. W. Kate Lewis, formerly our National Librarian, picks up the story in *Canada's Five Centuries From Discovery To Present Day* (McGraw-Hill, \$19.95). For more specialized coffee tables, McClelland and Stewart publishes *Early Canadian Poetry* by Donald Webster (\$19.95), and the elegant *Marriage* by Scott Symons and John de Vries (\$22.50), an evocation in words and pictures of the early furniture of the Maritimes, Quebec and Ontario. More special yet is *The Early Furniture Of French Canada*, a substantial piece of scholarship by Jean Pélardy (Maitrelin Company of Canada, \$12.50 cloth, \$7.50 paper).

Finally, *Memories Of Childhood* life and art will be pleased by the beautifully photographed *Seasons Of The*



Ekono by Fred Brimmer (McClelland and Stewart, \$16.95), and by the photographic reproductions of the current traveling exhibit of Ekono art, *Sculpture/Art* (University of Toronto Press, \$17.50 cloth, \$7.50 paper).

Also current are two autobiographies: *Partners Out Of My Life* (Oxford, \$9.95) by the Ekono artist Phoebe, who illustrates the book herself, and *Nunavut* (Herra, \$8.95) by the almost legendary Northern trader and public man, Duncan Fryde.

Richard Lewis edits the appealing collection *I Remember A New Story: Poems Of The Ekono* (Mason, \$6.95), and in *Torch The Dark* (New Press, \$5.95) T. C. McLaughlin has collected a moving collection of Indian accounts about themselves, complemented by period photographs.

Happy hunting. As the Ekono poem says,

joyfully

Greet us there

Who brought us plenty

The New Literacy, by Donald Gordon (University of Toronto Press, \$2.75) A beep-beep-a-beep romp among basic concepts of modern communications. Conclusion: "It's yours. Why not get on with it?" — cc.

Our Man In Utopia, by Doug Reiberg (Macmillan Company of Canada, \$6.95 cloth, \$2.95 paper). English Canada's best young poet has captured some touchingly evocative images of the contemporary world. Refusing to be merely a voyeur of life but its silent debater, he seems to be read aloud at the most innovative of the Order of Canada — mtc

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